Why LBJ Will Win *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 31, 1964, 35 cents

Is Your Pension Safe?

Murray Teigh Bloom

Gray-Flannel Suits in Moscow

Max Frankel

Goldwater in Illinois

Richard T. Cooper

H. G. Wells

Alex Campbell

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Those Topless Bathing Suits

★ The election takes place next week, thank God, and we think we can hold the nation together just that long, and no longer. How topless bathing suits got into it we shall never understand. They were supposed to illustrate how "the moral fiber of the American people is beset by rot and decay," as Mr. Goldwater puts it. He was making his final climactic pitch on the "morality issue," and his bright young PR men dreamed up a film to show just what swine we Americans are: pornographic literature, girlie shows, street riots, narcotics, and a swift teaser of a topless bathing suit.

The film was sponsored by "Mothers for Moral America" and, as Russell Walton, PR director of the Citizens for Goldwater Committee, put it, "... people who were brought up in small towns and on the farms, especially in the Midwest, have a built-in prejudice against the city.... This film will obviously and frankly just play on their prejudices."

People used to call elections educational. Well, well, we have improved things since then and come a long way from the Lincoln-Douglas debates.... The fact is, of course, that Senator Goldwater is punch-drunk and reeling, and a humane handler would have taken him out of the ring a fortnight ago. The Chinese-Soviet rift is now over and it's all Johnson's fault, he tells his TV audience, and his solution would be to "call for a North Atlantic conclave." How he would get President de Gaulle to cooperate in the conclave he doesn't say, or the other NATO countries that are scared stiff of Senator Goldwater's trigger finger.

The day before, at Pikesville, Md., Mr. Goldwater told the crowd he was willing to substitute another word for "soft on Communism." Voices cried, "Treason." "That's it!" replied the Senator.

Strangest of Our Time

★ A week from now we assume Lyndon Johnson will be elected. It will end the strangest campaign of our time. It has been boring past endurance, but historically fascinating too. We have seen a major political party captured by extremists. Most of us believed that, with all the faults of the haphazard convention system, this wasn't possible; we must gloomily revise our notions. TRB has tried to be fair to Barry. To indignant protests from readers we have insisted that he is personally a nice man: charm, modesty and all that. As we see it, he has only one serious defect, he isn't up to being President.

We deplore the conspiratorial notion of history and yet, as the campaign advanced and we saw our expectations confirmed – ancient GOP newspapers declaring for Johnson, the world rubbing its eyes, the unfortunate Goldwater groping for issues – a feeling gradually grew of forces at work around the candidate deeper than a final small-town protest against change. Who put Barry up to it? After seeing Rockefeller booed at San Francisco, and the press jeered, we can't help wondering if there is not more here than meets the eye. Mr. Goldwater is surrounded by a lot of people who know just what they want. The GOP convention was packed. At a secret meeting 'way back on December 3, 1961, in the Essex Motel, Chicago, a group of right-wingers and extremists picked Barry as their man. With luck they put him over as candidate. Another time, President?

Lyndon Johnson emerges from the contest almost unknown; he hasn't had to define his positions. We honestly don't know whether he is liberal or conservative, and perhaps he doesn't either. He is for Peace, God and Motherhood. He is the first man we know who got elected by standing firm for the 20th Century. How easy life would be if all solutions were simply Being-against-Goldwater!

President Johnson strikes us as an intricate figure, a dozen men wrapped in one. In his most expansive, ruminative mood, when he runs on for an hour at a time to a bewildered audience, he is hard to take. He rises, if we may say so, above good taste. But we have watched him closely, again and again, and we think there is formidable power there that an opponent will ignore at his cost. LBJ isn't JFK, and he isn't FDR, but let us put it this way: we had always imagined – before Nikita Khrushchev went down the Soviet trap door – that in the ultimate confrontation between Mr. J and Mr. K our man would out-corn his opponent. And we still think that any Russian who bargains with Mr. Johnson had better keep his hand over his pocketbook.

In Moscow the new regime is jumpy, in London it runs by four votes, in Paris, de Gaulle ages: in the US, alone, it looks as though Mr. Johnson will have an astonishing mandate. Washington for a crucial moment in time should be the most stable island in the world ocean. What the mandate means is a riddle; Mr. Johnson can say it means what he wants it to mean; he will have the votes in Congress, probably, to back him up. What an opportunity for a bold, imaginative, legislative master-technician!

What Will LBJ Do?

★ Perhaps we are getting out on a limb. We have elected Mr. Johnson and now we are saying what he may do. We don't know, of course. He has had task forces working for months. He will feel out the world situation and perhaps go abroad, though we imagine he will let the dust settle first.

If we had to guess, it would be that the first big Johnson domestic decision will be economic. To keep the present unprecedented business rise going, we guess, unpleasant choices will have to come very shortly. How strongly will he use taxes and federal spending to meet the problem? Whatever he does, he is apt to alienate some element in his big majority. We think the road forks there. Left or right? We can't guess. We rather suspect that he can't guess either.

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Why LBJ Will Win

For much of the Presidential election campaign Senator Goldwater got the lion's share of the limelight. This was less flattering to him than he may have thought at the time. Most of the attention he received was compounded of incredulity and fear. There was incredulity that a man who said such wildly extravagant things with a perfectly wooden face could be a serious contender for the highest office in the land and which also happens to be the most important post in the world. There was fear that there might be just enough reckless or racially embittered voters, North and South, to give Goldwater some kind of edge. For a while, Lyndon Johnson found himself in the anomalous position of being cheered everywhere he went by approving crowds who, however, did not seem to be really taking in very much of what he was saying. They knew pretty well what he would say and agreed with it, but there was no novelty in it, whereas Barry often surprised everyone including, on several occasions, himself. Johnson therefore was like an established lecturer on important subjects competing with a vaudevillian. He offered drafts of spring water which were cool and refreshing enough no doubt, but his opponent was swallowing swords and blowing fire from his nostrils. And much the same applied to Humphrey and Miller.

The later stages of the campaign have been different, however. Incredulity about Goldwater's political pretensions remained and even grew, but fear that some fluke might land him in the White House began to dwindle and the Walter Jenkins case did not reinflate it. Gradually at first, then with increasing velocity, public interest in the Goldwater antics dropped. More and more of Johnson's words caught the public's ear (admittedly, with first the Russians then the Chinese helping). Near the end, Goldwater seemed to be screaming for attention and no longer getting it.

Charges that the Administration is corrupt and soft on Communism are old hat in American politics, but Barry's juggle with them was for awhile as awesome a performance as the conversational *non sequiturs* of the late Gracie Allen. Thus, if you favored a relaxation of tensions between East and West, this meant that you thought "it's all right to kill our boys in Vietnam, or Cuba, or the Congo." If you were for civil rights, then according to Goldwater you also approved of violence in the streets, which in turn meant you were against private property and the police, and were trying to hamstring both, in the interests of Communism and organized crime. In laying out this

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thesis, Barry was sometimes as careless with checkable facts as he was contemptuous of logic. For example, he said, on September 25, that the 1964 civil rights legislation had been "on the books for months and months and months and still hasn't solved anything." The President had only signed the bill July 2. Again, when Johnson explained that his Administration's anti-poverty program did not aim at giving people more relief but at giving them more opportunity, Goldwater replied that the Democrats wanted to destroy the individual, by crushing him under the heel of a corrupt tyranny. For, he explained, the Supreme Court was exercising "raw and naked power." When some of his supporters cheered this as another slap at civil rights, the Senator said he had been talking about prayers in schools and reapportionment, but then added that the courts, aided and abetted by the "centralized power" of the federal government, were displaying "obsessive concern for the rights of defendants" in criminal trials, and also were attacking the Constitution. Whichever door of the argument Goldwater entered by, he always came out through the one that labeled Johnson and the Democrats the foes of liberty and property and the friends of Negroes and criminals (with hints that the latter were identical.)

"They Can't All *Be Dry Holes, Bill."*

Goldwater offered no solutions of the alleged problems of corruption and crime, other than his own election, which would make all well. On the two issues on which he did make specific suggestions he immediately suffered grave self-inflicted damage. The overwhelming number of people who supported the test-ban treaty, which the Senator voted against, were not convinced by his attacks on Johnson's handling of nuclear weapons, and were thoroughly horrified by Goldwater's airy talk of using such weapons to "defoliate" Vietnam, and to scare the Russians out of Eastern Europe, with local commanders in full control in each case. Such talks scared more people off Goldwater than anything that either Johnson or Humphrey could say against their opponent. Secondly, Goldwater, who long ago estranged organized labor by his support of unpopular right-to-work laws, terrified many conservative businessmen by his declarations, should he be elected, of non-intervention by government come either recession or even depression. Modern American business wants no such splendid government isolation.

While Goldwater kept up a steady stream of nonsense, Johnson kept his head. On the big issue – peace between races and nations – most Americans knew in their heart he was right. If sometimes he sounded tentative and even diffident – like Kennedy before him, he refused to pretend to know all the answers and warned that new problems and new crises were bound to arise that no President could foresee – this still sounded better in a democracy than Barry's crude and strident certitudes. There is indeed a deep discontent among the American people, but it is with injustices not with civil rights, with the crippling costs of illness in old age not with any fancied threat of "socialism," and with poverty and unemployment and city slums, not with undue powers of either federal government or Supreme Court. To meet such discontent, Johnson and the Democrats propose to use federal power to help improve the schools, create job opportunities and raise living standards. They are not offering anything grandiose (Johnson says the job must be done by thousands of small efforts arising from small beginnings) or very new. They might indeed be reproached for being too timid. But they at least do not share Goldwater's indifference or hostility to social reforms, and if the election turns out as expected, they will be building on a broad national consensus that Goldwaterism could never command.

Herbert Hoover

Herbert Clark Hoover was a patriot and in many respects a great man, but his epitaph is the comment of Tacitus on the Emperor Galba: *capax imperii, nisi*

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imperasset ("he would have been thought worthy of empire, had he never ruled").

It may be plausibly argued that if Hoover had been elected in 1908, instead of 1928, he would have made such a record that historians would list him certainly in the second rank of Presidents and perhaps very close to the Big Six: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson and Roosevelt II. As it is, he lands among the mediocre – although in intellect assuredly, and perhaps in character also, he towered above such nonentities as Hayes, Benjamin Harrison and Coolidge.

His misfortune was that he was born and reached intellectual maturity in one world and was called to power in another and radically different one. Few men retain the psychological flexibility to cope with, or even to comprehend a change so sudden and far-reaching. Hoover was not one of the few.

Nevertheless, his subsequent career proved that his failure as President is attributable to lack of adaptability, not to any shortage of courage or smallness of spirit. When he was called upon by a President of the opposite party to undertake the laborious, but greatly needed task of scrutinizing the structure of government he went through that drudgery not only cheerfully, but with amazing efficiency. Thus he stands with John Quincy Adams as a President who has earned the encomium of Thomas Jefferson: "I profess so much of the Roman principle as to deem it honorable for the general of yesterday to act as a corporal today, if his services can be useful to his country."

In 1920, with the light then before it, *The New Republic* advocated the election of Herbert Hoover. In the sixties no apologies for having done so would be appropriate. On the contrary it is a matter of satisfaction to have once supported a man whose courage, integrity and patriotism still stand unquestioned, although he was overwhelmed by a disaster that he never fully understood.

Smelly Cars

Although car exhaust is the primary source of air pollution, the auto industry refuses to equip all cars with control devices. However, Detroit promises to obey a new California law and install such controls on the 1966 models sold in that state. Senator Muskie wanted to know why if the industry can do it for California, it cannot do it with all cars. Impossible, says the Automobile Manufacturers Association: Atmospheric conditions differ throughout the country. The automobile people are quite alone in taking this view. Most other experts in air pollution say that Los Angeles has no monopoly of miserable, chemical fog. The entire Eastern corridor from Boston to Washington has been found to rival Los Angeles in the extent and severity of smog and economic loss caused by it. One good means of judging smog conditions is to measure the density of automobiles per square mile. Los Angeles has 1,350 cars per square mile, compared with New York's 2,200, Philadelphia's 3,730 and 4,100 in Washington, D.C.

The auto industry is involved in a delaying action, says S. Smith Griswold, air pollution control officer of Los Angeles County and the man who pushed hard to get the law passed in California. "Everything that the industry has disclosed it is able to do today to control auto exhaust, was technically possible 10 years ago."

Air pollution is costing $11 billion in damages every year. Detroit spends $1 million a year in a cooperative air pollution research program, which apparently seeks to prove that the problem is too dreadfully complicated for much to be done about it. It assures that all the people in the industry drag their feet together.

If California can force Detroit's hand, so can the General Services Administration of the federal government which purchases large numbers of motor vehicles. The GSA is at present setting safety standards for them. It can begin by insisting that all cars purchased by the government come equipped with the same devices that are to go on California cars.

Smoot's Case

Sickening of the sound of Dan Smoot's voice blabbing on at them from the radio, members of the Traverse City, Mich., League of Women Voters put out a newsletter saying that Smoot's opinions were based on "slanted information, half-truths, innuendoes and sometimes worse." Smoot sued the Traverse City League and four of its members for libel, and demanded damages of $1 million.

Roy Wilkins of the NAACP is ready to appear to refute Smoot's statements about the Negro and the civil rights movement. The mother of a child involved in the Little Rock school integration effort will testify

NEXT WEEK: *A 112-page special issue on the needs and nature of a Great Society*

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that the NAACP did not, as Smoot claims, pay her to enter the child in an all-white school. TVA is putting together an exhibit to illustrate the errors in Smoot's writings about its operations. A professor of constitutional law and former president of the Michigan Bar Association will testify on Smoot's allegations that Chief Justice Warren's "education, training and experience would not qualify him to be a good justice of the peace." Clark Eichelberger of the United Nations Association will say that Smoot was in error when he stated that Mr. Stevenson's trip to Dallas was paid for by the taxpayers.

The defense attorneys convinced District Court Judge Noel F. Fox of Grand Rapids that Smoot may have initiated the suit to silence and harass his critics. Using a section of the law rarely applied to libel cases, Fox ordered Smoot to post $15,000 bond. If the court decides the action was undertaken frivolously and for purposes of vexation it can use the bond money to pay court costs and the fees of defense attorneys.

Smoot tried to postpone the case but Judge Fox denied the request. He said any delay would "effectively still the voice of the League and its individual members" while Smoot "and those of like mind are free to continue speaking out while those opposed to that line of thought are not so at liberty until the question of libel here presented is settled."

Smoot however got a temporary postponement from the US Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, which gave Judge Fox until the first week in November to state his reasons for denying postponement. Ironically, one of the justices on the Appeals Court may have to disqualify himself, for Smoot has said he possesses "no known qualifications for the high office."

The Unfreedom of Polish Writers

Wladyslaw Gomulka, the Polish Communist leader who was widely regarded as a close political ally of Khrushchev, is having his own troubles with the dissatisfied Poles. A few weeks ago, a well-known Polish writer, an American citizen since 1956, Melchior Wankowicz, was arrested in Warsaw and accused of "conveying false information abroad." The arrest is the latest incident in the unceasing struggle of Polish intellectuals, writers and journalists to preserve some scraps of freedom. Wankowicz, as reported by the American consul in Warsaw, is charged under a "temporary" law covering "particularly dangerous crimes during the period of reconstruction of the state." This law, an almost literal translation of one of the harshest Stalinist decrees, was voted by the Polish parliament in 1946 but was to run only three years.

The law has been invoked to harass people considered to be enemies of the regime. I was the first person after the liberal revolt to be arrested on this trumped-up charge. I was released six months later because of "lack of sufficient evidence." My arrest was used to warn other journalists what fate they could expect if they continued to associate with Western newspapermen and diplomats.

Not so lucky was another journalist, Henryk Holland, who in 1960 was arrested on the same charge and, according to police reports, committed suicide by jumping from a window of his fifth-floor apartment while the police were conducting a search among his papers. Still another writer, Jerzy Kornacki, like Mr. Wankowicz in his seventies, was arrested and sentenced under the same law last year. His crime – reading aloud from his private diaries which were critical of the government.

But while renouncing the use of police terror, the Polish Communists have never renounced the use of power to stamp out all opposition. For police terror, they have substituted economic and administrative pressures which are not as easily discerned and cause less criticism abroad. Thus, the government has tightened its censorship, denied writers all social and medical benefits, frozen an author's fees, and, finally, cut newsprint and paper supplies by almost half. Writers and journalists were forced into a situation either to starve or to recant.

But these pressures backfired. This April, 34 leading Polish writers and intellectuals sent a letter to the Prime Minister protesting censorship and the cut in paper supplies and demanding more cultural freedom. The government thereupon launched a ferocious attack on the signatories of the protest, one of whom was Melchior Wankowicz. They were forbidden to write for the press, radio or TV, some were dismissed from their jobs, and those who wanted to travel abroad had their passports withdrawn. The Communists did not take into account, however, the reaction of the outside world. The protest of the 34 was published in the London *Times* and caused widespread critical comment in the West. The Polish government then withdrew the sanctions it had imposed.

Public opinion in the West quickly forgot the incident, and the Polish Communists returned to the attack. The main address at the Polish writers' congress last month was delivered by Gomulka, who said: "You can have all the freedom of style and form you want, but the content of what you write must conform to the party's ideological interests." Gomulka criticized the writers for expressing feelings of despair and hopeless-

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ness (which, after all, is the feeling of the Polish people) and urged them to be optimistic. Those who conform, he promised, have nothing to fear from censorship; others are "condemned to failure." This was the stick. There was also a carrot. Paper supplies, he announced, will be partially restored, and the government is ready to consider some of the economic demands of the writers. But, first of all, they have to prove their loyalty. After so many promises made and broken, the writers did not bite. And so the Communist government picked up the old police stick. The arrest of Mr. Wankowicz, one of the most popular Polish writers and known for his independence, was calculated to frighten his colleagues and show them where power still lies.

Thomas V. Atkins

Mr. Atkins is a Polish journalist who recently escaped from Poland after having been arrested three times for his association with American newspapermen.

Communists in Gray-Flannel Suits

For the first time, the Soviet Union is led by men born in this century: Leonid I. Brezhnev, the head of the Soviet Communist Party, is nearing 58; Aleksei N. Kosygin, Soviet Premier, is 60.

Sitting beside them among the survivors and successors of Nikita Khrushchev – and perhaps lurking behind them in struggles still to come – are Nikolai A. Podgorny, 61, Andrei P. Kirilenko, 58, Gennadi I. Voronov, 54.

The men now taking charge in Moscow have at best a teenager's memory of the Communist seizure of power in 1917. They can have only a party-line recollection of Stalin's struggle against the other lieutenants of Lenin. All enrolled in the Communist Party after the end of revolution and civil war, when Soviet Communism had come to mean conformism and promotion was won through managerial and bureaucratic skill.

Khrushchev's successors are Organization Men. Thirty years ago, when Khrushchev entered the Soviet political limelight as boss of the Moscow Communist Party organization, the two men who have just replaced him at the top of the Soviet hierarchy were receiving diplomas from technical institutes in their home towns – Dneprodzerzhinsk and Leningrad. Brezhnev was starting work as an engineer in the Dneprodzerzhinsk iron and steel works and Kosygin was beginning work as a foreman in Leningrad's Zhelyabin textile mill. Podgorny was chief engineer of the Ukrainian sugar trust, Kirilenko was in his senior year at the Rybinsk Aviation Institute. Foreigners do not know where Voronov was, before he turned up 10 years ago as a deputy minister of agriculture.

There is talk about the accession of the Soviet "technocrats," meaning presumably that the new Moscow leaders are men who tend to look upon politics as some kind of mechanical social engineering and whose primary interest is the efficiency and productivity of the Soviet industrial machine. They have been described as Communists in gray flannel suits. They have come to positions of command when there is more to conserve than there is to construct in Soviet society. Although the industrial machine needs oiling and repair, although farm production remains inadequate and inefficient and although the political system is cumbersome and cruel, the foundations for wealth, abundance and stability have been laid. There may well have been something autobiographical and inaugural as well as politically tactical in the new leadership's quick condemnation of "subjectivism and drifting," "hare brained scheming" and "bragging and phrase-mongering," and in its promise to make better application of the achievements of "practical experience."

The Soviet rulers confront the same great issues that appear to have divided them in the late Khrushchev years: Should they decentralize their economy and let the dynamics of production and consumption influence their planning and distribution of goods, or should they keep on improvising ways of retaining control at the center? Should Soviet power and wealth be sought in continued concentration on heavy industry, or should priority pass to consumer goods that would in turn stimulate a new productivity? Should Soviet agriculture be allowed to stagnate at the level to which Khrushchev raised it, or should investment funds be withdrawn from other sectors for a final assault upon a system whereunder nearly half the working population barely grows enough to feed the whole? Should the Soviet Union seek military security through a relatively modest force of deterrent missiles, or should scarce resources be plowed into every conceivable form of military hardware that the most ambitious (and cautious) generals and admirals demand?

Everything in their careers suggests that the primary objective of the new leaders will be to preserve the Communist Party's power as a way of serving their own, and that they will resist rather than serve many ambitions of the postwar Soviet generation.

In 1939, Khrushchev as boss of the Communists of

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the Ukraine was completing a Stalinist purge. And in those years of purge, Brezhnev vaulted from a local party job in his home town to the party leadership of the whole surrounding region, while Kosygin soared through several Leningrad posts, including mayor, to become People's Commissar (Minister) of Textile Industries in the Soviet government. The war made Khrushchev a political supervisor in the Army with the rank of lieutenant general. Brezhnev held the same rank. Kosygin became a deputy premier in the central government, supervising planning organizations and consumer industries. At Stalin's death in 1952, Brezhnev and Kosygin both were Candidate (non-voting) members of the Soviet Presidium, the party's board of directors of which Khrushchev was a full member. In the new, largely non-violent purges of the next decade, Brezhnev and Kosygin apparently stood stoutly at Khrushchev's side, helped to consolidate his power and finally became fellow members of the board and his principal deputies in the party and government. In the end, they used the same means to topple Khrushchev as were used to establish him.

If the new Soviet leaders turn out to be merely good Organization Men and men in gray flannel suits, they may be less tolerant than Khrushchev, and less charitable to one another. But if they admit at least a suggestion of humanity at the center of power – something a little more profound than the Soviet news agency's disclosure that Brezhnev is "a very charming and social man" and that on a winter Sunday, Kosygin "may spend several hours at a skating rink" – then a lively spirit may yet emerge from behind those masks of mediocrity, as it did a decade ago.

MAX FRANKEL

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER MEANS TO ACT WITH VIGOR

Mr. Wilson's Predicament

London

There are two theories about the future course of Mr. Harold Wilson's new government. The first is that, although the Labour Party has been returned by only about the tenth of a gnat's eyebrow, Mr. Wilson will refuse compromise. He will, for instance, insist on nationalizing the iron and steel industry, though to do so will almost certainly force the small band of Liberal MP's to become allies of the Tories. Audacity will be his watchword, and he will plunge gloriously into the fray, even though it will inevitably bring about tension.

The second theory is that he will recognize that he has no mandate to push through some of his more controversial measures. He will leave the iron and steel industry alone and concentrate on those issues that at least have the unwilling support of the Liberals.

These are early days, but one's feeling is that the first school of thought is much closer to reality than the second. Mr. Wilson is not a radical for nothing, and he has not been in politics all these years to sit twiddling his thumbs now and carrying out a Tory policy. There is also a practical side to the problem. Timidity would vastly please the Conservatives and the Liberals but it would soon lead to rebellious pressure from the left wing of the Labour Party. The only way to keep those troublesome fellows quiet is to drive them as hard as possible. And that is precisely what Mr. Wilson is likely to do.

There is also a psychological reason why he is unlikely to make concessions for the sake of a peaceful life. Mr. Wilson's hero is not Hugh Gaitskell but the late President Kennedy. Just as Kennedy felt that the United States had been asleep under the Eisenhower Administration, so Wilson is equally concerned that Britain has been drifting during the last 13 years of Tory rule. It is his mission to break with the past and carry out reforms he thinks are urgently needed.

Certainly as he thinks ahead, counting up all the perils of the future, he knows that he cannot afford to dawdle. Britain's economy is once again in bad shape. Exports are sluggish, imports are rising, and the trade gap is widening. It is as if Wilson has entered 10 Downing Street only to find the brokers in the drawing-room. Whatever the temptations may be, he will have to deal with this crisis before his new ministers have even settled into their departments.

All the same he is not so precariously placed as so many Jeremiahs seem to think. Superficially, the position now may appear very like the situation in 1950, when Attlee found himself at the head of a Labour government with an over-all majority of only six. The party staggered on, wheeling the sick and dying into the House of Commons for critical votes, until, to the

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relief even of its own supporters, the government fell and the Tories were returned.

But Mr. Wilson in 1964 has various advantages that Attlee did not have in 1950. To begin with, Labour had been in power for five years and before then some of Attlee's ministers had taken grueling jobs when Churchill formed his coalition Cabinet during the war. By 1950 they were a tired and despairing lot. They seemed to have no purpose, no policy and no convictions. Given this frustrating atmosphere, it was only a matter of time before the old feuds and quarrels broke out again. When Aneurin Bevan resigned the knives were sharpened and it was clear to everybody the Labour Party was a disorganized, disunited rabble. Some cried onward, some cried back, and the impatient electorate inevitably turned once again to Churchill.

There is also another point to notice about the present situation. The Liberals do not hold the balance in the new Parliament, but Mr. Wilson would obviously be more secure if he could be fairly sure of their general support – of a certain benevolence in their attitude. There seems a good chance that he will get it, at any rate for a time. The last thing the Liberals want is another general election in the near future. Unlike the Tories, who can be sure of large donations from big business, and the Labour Party, which can count on massive subscriptions from the trade unions, the Liberals have no fairy godmother. They have to go round with the hat and rely on the widow's mite. For this reason alone it would be disastrous for them if there were another election within the next 12 months. The Liberals desperately need time – time to reorganize and time to raise money. For this reason they are most unlikely to fight the new government unless Mr. Wilson deliberately forces them to do so.

It could be argued that Mr. Wilson can get around all his difficulties by making a deal with the Liberal leader, Mr. Jo Grimond. There does not seem the slightest chance of this happening. For one thing Mr. Wilson would have to drop steel nationalization. More important, Mr. Grimond would certainly want the government to introduce either proportional representation or a variant of it, and that is something which neither Mr. Wilson nor his party would agree to do. Labour is not going to create a second radical party that might eventually become a serious rival to itself.

The curious thing at the moment is that, despite the obvious dangers, it is difficult to find any faint-hearts among the socialists. Puny though their majority is, Mr. Wilson's friends have not forgotten that Kennedy was returned by an even more slender margin. Just as Kennedy went from strength to strength, so Wilson, if he will only nerve himself to be "bloody, bold and resolute," can do the same. Within 12 months, we are told, Mr. Wilson will have blossomed as the rose and will be recognized as the great national leader Britain needs. "You'll see," one of his new ministers said to me, "we shall be in power for at least four years." These are heady words, and one repeats them here only because they show that there is no lack of optimism among the members of Mr. Wilson's entourage.

They are even confident that they will be able to deal with the difficulties that are bound to arise in the House of Commons. If the Tories become fractious and keep the chamber sitting up to all hours in the hope of exhausting the government's followers and forcing another election, Mr. Wilson will not hesitate to revise the Standing Orders of the House, to provide for cloture.

There remains the question of what is going to happen to Sir Alec Douglas-Home. In a sense he has done rather well. Before the campaign started, the Gallup poll and the recent by-elections had suggested that there might be a Labour landslide. Sir Alec has not only avoided that but with any luck – if the Chinese had exploded their bomb on the eve of the election or Mr. Khrushchev had been removed a day or two earlier – he might even have won.

All the same, there is a growing feeling among the Tories that they could just have won provided the party had chosen a professional politician as its leader. The inadequacies of the former 14th Earl became painfully obvious as the campaign progressed. Whereas Mr. Wilson became more and more confident and self-assured, Sir Alec seemed increasingly lost in the rough and tumble of an election. Mr. Wilson thrived on interruptions, always turning them to his advantage: Sir Alec gaped or protested or was silenced. This was precisely what the critics had always said would happen, and now that it has, a growing number of Tories are saying that they ought to have chosen Mr. R. A. Butler or one of the younger members of the last government – Mr. Maudling, for instance. Indeed Mr. Maudling has been one of the great successes of the campaign. An economic crisis? One glance at that sunny smile and all doubts and criticism were removed.

Poor Sir Alec is not likely to thrive in opposition. He is too nice, too remote, too inexperienced in the wicked ways of the House of Commons. All the same his fall, if it comes, will not be a sudden death. Nor is there likely to be a murderous brawl in public. The gentlemanly party manages these things better than the Socialists do. One of the advantages in going to Eton, the plush school of the British upper class, is that one soon learns how to handle the unwanted guest. The kick in the groin, the twisted arm, the push in the back – these are some of the gentle arts that one picks up at any English public school. Besides, Sir Alec knows the rules. When he goes, he will go quietly.

Hugh Massingham

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Goldwater in Illinois

by Richard T. Cooper

Illinois was one of three Middle Western states big enough and available enough to lure Senator Barry Goldwater from the comfort of his jet airplane for a whistle-stop tour this month. No doubt he had in mind President Truman's rail campaign in 1948, the results of which have been sustaining the dreams of underdogs ever since. For two days the Goldwater train moved the length and breadth of the state, drawing crowds roughly equal in size, if not enthusiasm, to the ones Vice President Nixon drew in 1960. The Senator tried out a wide range of topics in search of an issue that would catch the hearts of the voters, but he found the political climate much changed from when he launched his campaign for the nomination last year.

Twelve months ago civil rights was regarded by most political observers as the issue which would overwhelm all others in Illinois. Riots at a public swimming pool in Cairo, the faded, former river port at the juncture of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, had reminded everyone that the southern tip of Illinois is farther south than Richmond, Virginia. In Chicago, which is farther north than New York City, Negroes and whites were embroiled in a harsh fight over neighborhood schools and *de facto* segregation.

In the spring primary, Alabama Governor George Wallace ran alarmingly well in Lake County, Indiana, which is a continuation of the steelmaking-heavy-industry complex that blankets the south side of Chicago. The "backlash" was everywhere in evidence and even the Negroes were mad at the Democrats. Intensive, though ultimately futile efforts were made to loosen the Democratic organization's grip on Negro wards. Sergeants in Mayor Daley's army were gloomy; some said the President would be lucky to equal the 8,800-vote plurality of John F. Kennedy in 1960.

Two weeks ago a respected newspaper poll found President Johnson getting 90-97 percent of the vote in predominantly Negro wards of Chicago; this is 16-20 percent more than Kennedy ran in 1960. Visible signs of the backlash have disappeared so completely that some Democrats are worried that it may be the kind of iceberg issue that slips past the pollsters and wrecks the candidate. Surveys of predominantly white wards in Chicago show the President favored by 70-80 percent of the voters, but Goldwater supporters point out that the Senator drew some of his largest and most enthusiastic crowds in the industrial areas around Chicago. And Cook County Republicans are gloating that the Democrats have failed to slate a single Polish name, while the GOP has several on the ballot. Poles are said to be anti-Negro and they are considered one of the most cohesive of the ethnic blocs in the Chicago area. Democrats are counting on Senator Goldwater's "minority groups" tirade and a speech by Representative Miller against immigration to send the Poles back to the party. More important, there are a number of specific improvements in the racial climate, as it appears to Democratic politicians who count both Negroes and whites as vital parts of their machine. (As in most states containing a giant metropolitan area, the Democrats depend on huge pluralities in the city to overbalance GOP strength in suburban and rural areas.)

For one thing, Chicago's "long, hot summer" was surprisingly short and cool. There was nothing to match the large-scale rioting in New York and other Eastern cities. Part of the credit goes to Police Superintendent Orlando Wilson, who seems to have kept clear the lines of communication with Negro leaders. During last year's battles over mobile classrooms, the Chicago police had been firm but generally fair. Apparently they reaped a dividend this summer. Also, the leadership of Chicago's giant Negro community is in the hands of reasonable and responsible men. Militant Negro leaders from Chicago turned up in troubled Eastern cities during the summer, but in Illinois the emphasis was on programs such as finding qualified Negroes to fill modestly expanding job opportunities. The neighborhood school question has been buried, for the moment, in a bewildering array of special committees, commissions, and panels created to study segregation, classrooms, and each other. Periodically during the summer and early fall, Superintendent of Schools Benjamin Willis would release glimpses of another plan for adjusting racial balance. There is reason to suspect that all the plans and committees thus far signify nothing, but they have drained the issue of its sound and fury. In all this the hand of a master political craftsman, Mayor Daley, can be seen.

The only significant break in the summer's racial peace was in the industrial suburb of Dixmoor. It

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centered around a liquor-store owner who allegedly mistreated a Negro woman he said was trying to steal some whisky. A motley assortment of police officers got into the fray, some of them coming uninvited from quite distant communities, perhaps to test the riot gear which many suburban departments have been purchasing. The skirmish took place outside the city in the jurisdiction of the Cook County Sheriff, who happens to be a Republican, which took the curse off of the incident as far as Democrats were concerned.

It would seem that racism has become so unacceptable in most of the United States that only extremists will espouse it openly. Individuals find indirect ways to show their feelings and these feelings come to the surface only when a problem touches an individual personally. Thus Illinoisans may try to drive out a Negro who moves into a white neighborhood, as happened this month in Mayor Daley's own neighborhood, but they seem to forget quickly. Only a large-scale incident that threw the problem directly into the laps of a large number of voters could help Senator Goldwater enough to make a difference.

Closely akin to civil rights is Senator Goldwater's issue of crime in the streets. However pure the Senator's view of this issue may be, there is no doubt among his Illinois partisans that crime in the streets means Negroes. Street crime is largely a city problem, massive and omnipresent. When a Democratic ward organization threw a big party for the faithful recently, the invitation noted that a special police detail would be in the area to guard the houses that would be vacant during the celebration. But unfortunately for the Republicans, the Chicago Police Department has been making a little progress recently in its war on crime. Undercover "decoy" squads, canine corps, improved radio communications, and even a partial resurrection of the old cop-on-the-beat system have made the streets safer, if only fractionally. Politically, a fraction is probably enough, since crime has usually been just a talking point. City streets have been basically unsafe at least since Charles Dickens was a child.

Their Hearts Belong to Taft

Paradoxically, both the crime and civil rights issues may do Senator Goldwater more good among people who do not have the problems than among those who do. Some of the strongest anti-Negro feeling in the state is among people who have just arrived in the suburbs. And the general Goldwater theme of decadence finds its most vocal response not in the cities but in small towns. The weekly newspaper of a farming community west of Chicago recently printed what may have been the cruelest, most indecent letter written to an editor this year: it suggested that immoral Democrat-socialist policies have caused alcoholism, divorce, and retarded children, and it closed with a thinly veiled reference to the sister of the late President.

Such talk is rather free in small-town Illinois this year, and is being encouraged by an unprecedented flood of extremist books and mail directed at individuals and at the editors of weekly newspapers. The most recent is a pamphlet with a lurid cover, called "The Hangman's Rope," by Howard E. Kershner. It begins by charging that "the late Franklin Roosevelt inaugurated a policy of cooperating with evil," and goes through a full catalog of government policies that are paving the way for a Communist take-over, policies formulated by people like John Kenneth Galbraith, Arthur Schlesinger, and Walter Heller. *A Choice Not an Echo*, written by an Illinois political leader, *None Dare Call It Treason*, and *A Texan Looks at Lyndon* are circulating widely in the state.

There is reason to think, however, that much of this effort is counter-productive. For one thing, the local promulgators of such doctrine are seldom the town's most substantial and trusted citizens. In small towns, who says a thing is usually more important than what is said. Also, most of the extremist sentiment comes from people who are so mean of spirit that their volley is too broad; it takes in too many people to achieve a wide base of acceptance. Probably the votes Senator Goldwater gets among readers of such literature were his to begin with. The Senator makes his bid for this element by frequent references to "Hubert" and to President Johnson's "curious crew," a phrase he was using before the Jenkins case. There is considerable "anti-East" sentiment in Illinois, ranging from virulent anti-intellectualism to suspicion of the internationalism that is associated with the Eastern seaboard.

Illinois voted for Eisenhower, but the hearts of its Republicans belonged to Taft. Thus Senator Goldwater elicits his broadest response when he attacks programs for domestic welfare. During his whistle-stop trip through Illinois, the Senator jabbed at those programs steadily; though in Moline, an industrial city at the western edge of the state, he proclaimed himself as the true defender of social security, and President Johnson as its enemy. He avoided the subject of nuclear weapons control and confined his foreign policy statements to vows to strengthen our network of allies, to develop manned bombers, and generally to maintain peace through strength. Illinois Republican leaders on the train confirmed privately that the strategy was to woo life-long Republicans back to the fold by sounding the old, familiar battle cries – up to and including "soft on Communism." If Senator Goldwater can poll the normal Republican vote, the election in Illinois will be very close, they believe, and such things as backlash could nudge Illinois into the Republican column. Just

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why attacking the government programs should be so popular in rural Illinois defies logical explanation. No one receives more favorable attention from Washington than the farmers. In addition to getting price supports, farmers are kept informed about research, new techniques, pest and disease problems, and market prospects. County agents help them apply modern cost-accounting methods for want of which many small businesses fail. Government funds and technicians provide fertilizer and help with soil and water conservation projects. In states like Illinois, which bases local school taxes on real estate, farmers are materially relieved by direct school aid from state and federal treasuries. There are even government programs to teach farm wives how to cook better, buy more wisely, and keep their husbands happier. Farmers take full advantage of all this but talk and vote against the candidates who support the programs.

Republicans for Kerner?

Two things are working against the Senator's efforts to win the rural vote, however. One is what people take to be his position on nuclear weapons. The precise nature of Senator Goldwater's position and how it differs from that of President Johnson does not matter; it is just that people feel Johnson would talk a little longer, be a little slower to reach for the button.

The other factor weighing against Goldwater is that he is not a conservative as that creed is understood and practiced in rural Illinois. Here, a conservative is a cautious man who keeps silent unless there is compelling need to speak, gives an opinion only after careful consideration, and chooses his words with the precision of a corporation lawyer. By temperament, Senator Goldwater does not qualify. His constant need for clarifying and explaining what he meant betrays the fact that he speaks too casually. This basic difference between Senator Goldwater and the late Senator Taft seems to be the fundamental reason why Senator Goldwater has never been able to extend his obvious popularity among the state's professionals to the rank and file of the party. The gap has existed for a long time. Goldwater ran surprisingly poorly in the primary, and before the Republican convention, Goldwater cadres were so fearful of cracks in the wall that they denied GOP gubernatorial candidate Charles Percy a position of leadership in the delegation, because he had hedged on endorsing the Arizona Senator. Even delegates from stoutly "Goldwater" areas were kept under constant pressure and compelled to sign pledges before they left for San Francisco.

Ironically, Mr. Percy now offers Senator Goldwater one of his few reasons to be hopeful. Percy, a young, attractive-looking man who has been a kind of child prodigy in business, has been campaigning for the governorship since last summer. His opponent, incumbent Governor Otto Kerner, has only just begun to fight. The Governor does have several sound accomplishments to his credit, including a model mental-health program, and attracting new industry to the state. He has also avoided a crisis in state finance by plugging loopholes instead of laying on new taxes. To maintain this fiscal record, however, he voted an increase in school aid because he said the legislature had failed to provide the funds. Since this aid would have eased the burden of property owners, the veto proved unpopular among farmers, even though it was done in the name of fiscal responsibility. The Governor's record has also been tarnished recently by a scandal in state purchasing involving Kerner's campaign manager.

Perhaps more important than the issues is the fact that Governor Kerner has failed to make a strong impression on the voters. A former judge, he was picked as a blue-ribbon candidate in 1960, though he had had little experience in practical politics. He is at his best with small groups of his peers and appears uncomfortable in the rituals of old-fashioned campaigning. One exasperated professional complained in August that Kerner would always go to a country club but not a county fair. By contrast, Percy attended almost every fair in the state both this summer and last.

Percy has received backing from former President Eisenhower at least as strong as Richard Nixon got in 1960. Eisenhower came to Illinois this month to sing fatherly paeans for Mr. Percy, who was chairman of the Republican platform committee for Mr. Eisenhower's second campaign. This enthusiasm from Gettysburg spotlights Percy's refusal to embrace Goldwater as ardently as Goldwater's centurions desire. As the Goldwater campaign train moved north, there was a new telegram from Percy at almost every stop; it was read to the crowd, to explain why only the candidate for Lieutenant Governor was aboard. Not until the Goldwater train reached the violently Republican western suburbs of Chicago did Percy come aboard. As a result, Illinois is treated to the bizarre spectacle of loyal Goldwater supporters vowing publicly to cross over and vote for a Democrat for Governor.

Current polls show Percy running almost even with Governor Kerner, which surprised many Democrats who had expected Percy to be far ahead. Since President Johnson is running level with Goldwater in polls of rural voters, almost level with Goldwater in GOP strongholds, and ahead 63-36 in surveys of the general public, Kerner's position should not be surprising. It does not worry Percy's managers, who believe all the momentum is with their man. Obviously both Mr. Johnson and Percy are counting on a great deal of ticket splitting. They have reason. Illinois voters in

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1960 gave Kerner a 500,000-vote plurality, Kennedy beat Nixon by 8,800, and Republican Charles Carpentier breasted the Democratic statehouse tide to be elected Secretary of State.

So long as Mr. Johnson maintains his commanding lead, the contest for governor is more likely to be influenced by his strength than his strength by it. Still, the gubernatorial race is important to both parties because the entire Illinois House of Representatives is being elected at-large this year. The two parties carried brinkmanship over the edge at the last session of the legislature and failed to reapportion the House districts as required by law. As a result, Illinois voters face a special orange ballot three feet long. Since candidates for the state legislature cannot afford state-wide campaigns, both parties are counting heavily on straight ticket voting. To lure independents, both parties have sprinkled the names of stars through their lists. Earl Eisenhower is running on the Republican ticket, and the Democrats have young Adlai Stevenson.

Neither party has nominated a full slate, so neither can sweep the election. But both are keenly aware that the party winning the bulk of the House seats and the governor's mansion will have a big advantage in the redistricting fight which will inevitably break out when the legislature reconvenes. The prize is especially tempting to Republicans, who already control the Illinois Senate. Mr. Nixon was right when he told a recent rally that outside of the Presidency itself, the Illinois gubernatorial race was the most important contest in the nation to Republicans.

Chicago's organization functions like a professional football team, but elsewhere the enthusiasm of part-time politicians can be decisive. Both Goldwater and Percy have clear superiority over their opponents in this department. The lateness of Governor Kerner's campaign has exasperated even professionals, and President Johnson does not command the emotional loyalty President Kennedy did. In the tiny headquarters which Democrats opened in one Republican county seat recently, the display window was filled for several days with a large portrait of the late President and a hand-scrawled note, "The torch has been passed." Only time, and gentleness by President Johnson, can win over those who were deeply committed to President Kennedy. If the job is not done skillfully, the wound could be troublesome.

In the end, Goldwater's hope in Illinois rests on the chance that some special kind of cataclysm might jolt disenchanted Republicans back into line and leave the Democrats too shattered to fight back. That hope looks about as thin as Lincoln's soup brewed from the shadow of a starved pigeon. Though they are haunted by the ghost of Tom Dewey, Illinois Democrats find it hard to reject the verdict of Paul Powell, their salty candidate for Secretary of State: "Barry Goldwater has as much chance of defeating President Johnson as I do of becoming Pope."

Is Your Pension Safe?

by Murray Teigh Bloom

Twenty-three million Americans now are covered by pension plans worth $66 billion. This bulbous sum is growing at the rate of $5 billion a year. Most of these plans are noncontributory, that is, all costs are paid by the employer. Many of them are stable and effective. In 1962, more than two million retired employees of private industry were drawing pension benefits. And yet the whole system has some dangerous aspects. There is no effective state or federal regulation governing the accumulation or disposition of those huge funds. As a result, a few corporate sharpshooters and some unions have taken dangerous liberties with them. In most of the plans the employee has no effective assurance he will ever get his pension. In many plans, employees face an all-or-nothing hazard: Unless they fulfill each and every small-print requirement of eligibility, they may get no pension benefit despite working many years for an employer. Here are some examples:

► In March, 1963, three Pennsylvania pensioned miners sued for themselves, 16,000 other miners and 7,000 widows of miners, against the United Mine Workers. They did so because the pensioners' original $100 a month had been cut to $30. They lost.

► Louis Karcz, a Fall River, Mass., loom fixer, worked

Murray Teigh Bloom *made this study of pension plans on a Beinecke Foundation grant.*

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for the Luther Manufacturing Company for many years. He was fired a day before the plant closed permanently, which was two weeks before his 65th birthday, when he would have been eligible for a modest retirement benefit. The courts ruled he wasn't entitled to *any* payment.

► James C. Carlin of Kent, Ohio, and several dozen other retired white-collar employees of Lee Tire & Rubber Company suddenly found their pension payments stopped in 1963, because Lee was losing money, and 450 salaried workers of Lee were told that they were no longer covered by a pension system.

► When Studebaker closed down its South Bend plant recently, Woodrow A. Frick, president of the UAW local, said that only the currently retired employees and men over 60 would get any pension benefits, since the plan was not scheduled to be fully funded until 1989. He estimated that of the local's 7,200 members, whose average age is 54, only 1,100 would be eligible for any pension benefits. (The situation wasn't much better when Packard shut down. Approximately 3,300 Packard employees under 60 qualified for a pension but received nothing.)

► When McKesson & Robbins closed its Newark, N. J., drug division in 1955, some 88 employees who were covered by the company pension plan were out of jobs. Walter Schneider with 21 years' service, and John J. Vogler with 25 years' service, tried to get the pension fund divided among the discharged men. The courts ruled that they had no claim to any of the money.

Other large union pension funds besides that of the United Mine Workers also are having difficulties. Some International Ladies Garment Workers Union pension funds – which total $190 million – ran short recently, even though the benefits are a modest $50-$60 a month, and several collective bargaining contracts had to be rewritten to increase employer contributions. A few years ago, ILGWU pension eligibility had to be increased from 15 to 20 years of employment with companies in the pension plan. More recently, dozens of Chicago and Cleveland cloak and suit local members could not retire because there simply wasn't enough money in the local pension pot.

Most pension plans are not insured. The usual practice is for the money to be put in a "trusteed" plan, where the company pays – pretty much at its own choosing – to a bank or a trust company, which in turn holds and invests the contributions and pays the benefits when they're due. The employer always keeps control of the money and can back out whenever he wants.

Because so many people are affected and so many billions of dollars are held in pension plans – most enjoy a tax-free status – it is often mistakenly assumed that somebody in the federal government is keeping a close watch on them. There are two federal agencies which look into the operation of pension funds, but they appear fairly ineffectual. The Internal Revenue Service is one of them. It is supposed to make sure that a plan qualifies for tax-free status. Its qualifications seem strict enough: The plan must be for exclusive use of employees or their beneficiaries; no income or principal can revert to the corporation until claims are satisfied; and the plan must not discriminate in favor of officers, shareholders or supervisory employees.

The IRS regulations also say the pension plan must be "permanent." In practice, however, the agency overlooks another clause often hidden away in the small print that assures the employer the plan is "voluntary." This clause usually reads: "It is the intention of the employers to continue the plan and make their contributions regularly each year; but the company, by action of its board of directors, may for any reason discontinue, suspend or reduce the contribution of the employers." The IRS regulations do not require "actuarial soundness" by the trust plan, nor a fixed schedule of contributions by the employer. And the regulations actually make it possible for an employer to recapture a portion or even all of the contributions he made to the plan.

Meddling with pension funds is conducted away from the public eye. But here are a few instances dug up for me by the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, most of whose 300,000 members are covered by pension plans.

One plan had a change in owners. A year ago the union received a financial report showing assets of close to $500,000. The new owners submitted a new report indicating assets of about $350,000. The union members did not know about the change until union negotiators went over the figures. And the union still can't figure out what happened to the money.

Another company had a group annuity plan in effect until late 1959. These are insured pension funds, credited to the account of the individual employee. Without informing the union or the individual employees, the company cashed in all annuities and placed the money in a deposit administration fund. This provides little real assurance or protection for the employee's future pension. The union didn't discover this until 1963, when it was time for renegotiations.

A small company had a pension profit-sharing plan. When the union organized the plant the entire portfolio was in Kodak stock valued at $23,000. Without the knowledge of the employees or the union, the trustees of the plan – company officials – sold the stock and replaced it with company IOUs. By the time this was discovered, the Kodak stock would have been worth $37,000, but the IOUs were worthless because the

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company had gone bankrupt.

A second government agency, the Office of Labor Management and Welfare Pension Reports of the Labor Department, is charged with investigating complaints of outright criminal activity, such as forgery of records or embezzlement. But it is powerless to investigate administration of the funds, the area where much of the tampering takes place. Sometimes people write in and ask the Labor Department for an explanation of a technically worded plan. But the Department feels it is legally bound not to tell them.

A Newspaper's Pension Colossus

There are other evils. Most pension plans do not actually specify the amount or timing of contributions or, indeed, impose any obligation to make any at all. A New York State Insurance Department investigation found several cases where the literature issued to employees failed to indicate that the pension benefits were not guaranteed. I have run across cases among rank-and-file union members where they fear pensions will be refused them because the union trustees doling them out dislike them.

A curious use of pension funds emerged in the complaint of J. Neal Dow, a former vice president of the McCrory Corporation. In an action filed in New York Supreme Court in September, 1963, he alleged that three officers of the corporation, who were also trustees of the corporation's pension fund, had used the fund's money to maintain the price of stock of Rapid-American Corporation, which controls McCrory. The operation was a rather expensive one for the pension fund. The stock of Rapid-American, a somewhat spent meteor, was purchased by the fund's trustees at nearly $28 a share in 1962, and $18 in 1963. At this writing, it's worth about $5. As a result, the pension fund suffered a loss of $3.4 million. Meanwhile, one of the fund's trustees *sold* his 34,000 shares of Rapid-American stock while it was still in the $15 range – even as he approved further purchases of the stock by the pension fund. Such conduct, Dow alleged in his complaint, is "completely inconsistent with proper fiduciary standards" for pension fund trustees. The court ruled against Dow who had sought an accounting of the fund.

Although the Treasury requires reports by pension funds purchasing the parent company's own stock, there is no law against it. Some pension experts advise against such purchases, because it puts the employees' retirement fate and their current employment in the same risky package. In the same category is the device of giving the pension plan the building or plant which the parent company is using and then leasing the structure from the fund. The Treasury insists that in such transactions the buildings be given a fair market value, but as one pension critic points out, "It's the company that decides what's fair here, not the employees."

It is quite legal for the employer to borrow from his company pension fund. He does have to pay a reasonable interest but doesn't have to offer any security. With such loans he can acquire other corporations – which may also have considerable pension funds from which he can borrow. The Sixty Trust, the pension fund of the Textron Corp., was used to buy Cleveland Pneumatic for $6.8 million and to acquire title to the vast Van Sweringen real-estate empire in Cleveland.

The classic case here is the Springfield, Mass., *Republican* which has a $17 million pension fund for 674 employees. The pension fund became so fat because Sherman Bowles, the paper's publisher, immediately saw the possibilities of a tax-free pension fund back in 1943. By putting just about all the prosperous newspaper's profits into the tax-free fund he was able to buy a New York skyscraper, a major interest in Bell Aircraft, the Longchamps Restaurant chain, Atlas Tack Company and other enterprises. Upon his death in 1952 the trustees of the pension fund obtained control of the newspaper. If they could have continued putting nearly all the paper's profits into the pension fund it might have become one of the great financial engines of the 20th Century, a living counterpart of the fictional trust foundation H. G. Wells envisioned for the cataleptic sleeper in *When the Sleeper Awakes.*

But our leading tax collector and our leading newspaper collector intervened and the fund's marvelous growth has been halted. The federal government began suit to recover $15.8 million from the newspaper and its pension fund for tax evasion – and settled for $4.5 million. Samuel Newhouse, who will acquire control of the corporation in 1967, is suing to change the too-generous provisions the fund trustees made for their own retirement. At least $2.5 million of the pension fund money would be required to fund fully the pensions of the 10 highest paid employees.

Many of the inequities in the pension-plan system could be removed if the worker could take his pension credits with him as he moved from job to job. Portability of pensions is not a new idea. In Norway, white-collar workers' pension credits are transferable as they go from one job to another. And in Ontario, Canada, a new Pension Benefits Act was adopted in 1963 with a province-wide portability provision. Portability exists on a very limited scale in the US itself. (Bell Telephone employees can move about without loss of pension credits.) Of course, the portable social security system is the best example of portability we have. Why can't the same principles be applied to the private plans? We should certainly have a more extensive policing operation which can look closely into the administration of those pension plans.

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GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO

IN THREE MINUTES THE WORLD GREW TALL

Louis Sullivan's great dream was to create an absolutely new expression of his credo that "form follows function." One day in 1890 he left his office and walked up Michigan Avenue to think out the problem of a new commission—to build a multi-story office building of complete iron and steel framing. As he walked, the whole idea of the building came to him: in his mind's eye he saw the first true skyscraper, a masterpiece in linear verticality, and the realization of his dream.

He sped back and sketched the Wainwright Building, "a very sudden and volcanic design," Sullivan recalled, "made literally in three minutes." Frank Lloyd Wright, his chief draughtsman, remembered the thrill of looking over the drawing board, "I was perfectly aware of what had happened. The skyscraper as a new thing beneath the sun . . . with virtue, individuality, beauty all its own, was born."

Sullivan's story—and that of Jenney, Baumann, Adler, Root, and Wright—the men who created the most radical change in building since 12th-century Gothic is told by Carl W. Condit in THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE.* It is but one of the books published by The University of Chicago Press that record revolutions . . . or inspire them.

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Justice and the Franchise

by Alexander M. Bickel

This taut and lucid little volume consists of two Gino Speranza lectures delivered at Columbia in March and April, 1964 by Burke Marshall, the

Federalism and Civil Rights
By Burke Marshall
Foreword by Robert F. Kennedy
(Columbia; $3.50)

Assistant Attorney General of the United States for Civil Rights. Mr. Marshall tells us in his introduction that President Kennedy

> "... decided during his term of office that racial discrimination had to be eliminated as an official or accepted course of society in every part of the United States. The President went further to seek a national commitment to meet the moral dilemma caused by the effects of our historical acceptance of a caste system weighted against Negroes. In doing so he set into motion a new test of the ability of the federal system finally to face problems that had been a primary cause of the dissolution of the Union that had proved insoluable by Reconstruction, and that have been partially or completely obscured since."

Whether or not racial discrimination should be eliminated does not seem the sort of question that a President – or anyone else, for that matter – renders a decision about one given afternoon. And yet in this decade, after the Supreme Court judgment of 1954, after Little Rock and the sit-ins and finally Birmingham, the federal government *was* faced with a choice between continuing to deal with bits and pieces of the racial problem and accepting responsibility for its eventual solution on a national scale. Choices such as this, governing – subject to the quadrennial election – the course of affairs for generations, have come to rest in our system more and more with the President. One may think of them as determined in the last analysis by historical movements that will not be denied. But in the shorter run, many of them are real choices. This one was, and Mr. Marshall is quite right in characterizing it as "profoundly significant" and "of expanding dimensions." He is right also in remarking that it "cannot yet be discussed without presumption and understatement." But one may dare say that it assures, beyond all else perhaps, posterity's regard for President Kennedy. And one can say that it lends a certain historic dimension to the work of Kennedy's Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights.

Only two aspects of that work are touched on in this book. The lectures are reflective, they attack their subjects in the large, they voice opinions and make judgments, but they are modest, even self-effacing. There is nothing here about Mr. Marshall's record as a prodder and negotiator, nothing about his remarkable performance in Birmingham in the spring of 1963, nothing about the genesis and evolution of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The lectures deal with enforcement of the right to vote, which was the first and the only massive litigating effort undertaken by the Kennedy Administration, but also the first such massive effort ever undertaken; and with the enormously difficult and complex problem of "controlling," as Mr. Marshall says, abuses in the administration of justice and in police practices in the Southern states.

Mr. Marshall is not one to overestimate the possibilities of the franchise, in itself, as a solvent of the racial difficulty, or even as a means of curing some of the grosser racial inequities. Nor is he one to overstate the successes he has achieved, although there have been some that make, at the least, for spectacular statistics. But he is prepared to claim that the franchise is of inestimable symbolic and spiritual importance, and that as a practical matter, if not a cure-all, it is a *sine qua non*. And he concludes, despite some disappointments and setbacks he has suffered – which he gives no evidence of suffering with philosophical resigna-

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tion – that the franchise can be achieved through the relatively normal exertion of federal power, without working a revolution in the long-established state-federal relationship. He regrets that Congress did not give him authority to expedite matters in counties where fewer than 15 percent of eligible Negroes are registered, but even so, the failures are attributable not to flaws in the system, "but to flaws in courts and men and to a lack of time. And these are defects that can be remedied with enough money, enough energy, enough lawyers, and enough months or years."

That is not the case, however, with abuses in the administration of justice and in police practices. In the end, Mr. Marshall suggests, though he does not say so explicitly, that if the legal process and the authority of the police continue to be used with brutal cynicism, as they are in many parts of the South, to insult, intimidate and oppress the Negro, and to deny him the rights that he derives from the superior federal law, and if local opinion does not come to its senses and to the realization that corruption of the processes of law cannot be localized in the Negro sector but will inevitably enter the bloodstream of the entire community – in the end the normal channels within which federal power runs would not suffice. There would have to be a cancellation, for the time being, of the normal restraints and deferences of federal-state relations, and a substitution – though I should repeat that Mr. Marshall refrains from making the awful prospect explicit – of federal force for local police authority.

When federal marshals went down to Montgomery, Ala., during the freedom ride riots of the spring of 1961, the chief of police cynically asked whether the marshals "intended to take over the traffic and fire control duties in the city." Ultimately, the terrible answer to such a question, an answer infinitely damaging to the federal-state structure which has many values in a country of this size and diversity, must be, yes, if necessary. Plainly Mr. Marshall hopes it will not come to that, but plainly also he is aware that with respect to this problem, "enough money, enough lawyers, and enough months or years" are not enough. There must be a political, not a judicial or even in a broader sense legal solution, either locally in the Black Belt by consent, or nationally by force.

I have left to the last a point that Mr. Marshall makes – delicately, as is required of one in his official position, but unambiguously – in discussing those flaws that are remediable by measures short of the radical, because they are flaws not of the system, but of men. The men in question are a handful of federal judges in the South whose sympathies lie with their segregationist neighbors rather than with the laws they administer, and who have not hesitated to obstruct implementation of federal policy. A few such judges were on the bench when President Kennedy took office, and there was nothing that could be done about that. But a number were – astonishingly and inexcusably – put there by President Kennedy, which is to say by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy and his then deputy (now Mr. Justice) Byron R. White. The damage they do is not always curable, and even when it is, it winds up having cost time not merely months, but years.

It is because of such judges that voting litigation in Mississippi has approached farce, despite the ultimate result, which is scarcely in doubt even if not yet attained. And just this past summer, one of these judges, E. Gordon West of Baton Rouge, La., had to be directly ordered by his superiors on the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit to issue a decree in a school desegregation case. The Negro plaintiffs were forced to institute a mandamus proceeding against Judge West, which is about as rare a thing as is known to the law, and which can succeed only if the appellate court is convinced that the judge has been guilty of what in any other officer of government would be called, bluntly and simply, dereliction of duty. Against Judge West, it succeeded. But at what cost! The case involved the school system of St. Helena Parish, Louisiana. Suit was begun over eleven years ago. By February, 1962, all possible issues of any substance had been litigated, and the Supreme Court had denied a second appeal. At this time, Judge West was asked to issue a decree. He did not even set the case down for a hearing. Plaintiffs went back to Judge West a year later. Now he set the case down for a hearing, but he never held one. A year later, the plaintiffs were back again, and Judge West did hold a hearing, in March, 1964. But then he neither did anything, nor expressed any intention to do anything, not even after the petition for mandamus had been filed. Pretty clearly, if the schools of this parish were going to be desegregated, Judge West was not going to be the one to do it, no matter what the Supreme Court might say.

Mr. Marshall, by implication at least, defends the appointment of men like Judge West on the ground that "district court appointments must have the approval of both senators from the state before the Senate will confirm them." Mr. Marshall does not mean, of course, that this is a constitutional or otherwise legal requirement, which it is not. He means that in practice this is how the matter stands. But other Presidents – and in some cases also President Kennedy – have succeeded in finding men who are both unobjectionable and of an objective frame of mind, and doing so without importing carpetbaggers or ramming declared reformers down the senator's throats. And vacancies, which the Chief Justice has power to fill temporarily by assignment of other federal judges, are better than bad appointments.

But I must not end on this note. The Kennedy Administration made a great record on civil rights. Much of the credit is Mr. Marshall's, and the quality of this book indicates why. The book is calm yet deeply engaged, realistic but hopeful, judicious and yet vigorously purposive.

"KARL MARX predicted that, under Communism, town and countryside would merge in one blur, so that no man could tell where town ended and country commenced. No feature of a Communist society would be more hideous; but we seem to be realizing it under 'capitalist' prosperity. A society without pride in its visible past, and without concern for the beauty of its cities and its scenery, scarcely is worth fighting for."

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Between Education and Catastrophe

by Alex Campbell

H. G. Wells was the man who said that civilization was a race between education and catastrophe, and who invented the phrase, "The war to end war." His considerable reputation as a prophet rests on his forecasts of the tank, the airplane and the atomic bomb: In a novel published in 1914 he wrote: "They did not see [the impossibility of war] until the atomic bombs burst in their fumbling hands."

H. G. Wells: Journalism & Prophecy 1893-1946
An Anthology compiled by
W. Warren Wagar
(Houghton Mifflin; $6.95)

But Wells, like Bernard Shaw, was also a prophet in the Biblical sense, a man with a mission to bring commandments to the people and denounce false gods. All his long life (he lived to almost eighty despite early poverty, tuberculosis, diabetes and a ruptured kidney) he alternated between faith in a glorious future for mankind, and pessimistic conviction of ultimate disaster. Mankind, he wrote, "which began in a cave and behind a windbreak will end in the disease-soaked ruins of a slum." For "there is no reason whatever to believe that the order of nature has any greater bias in favor of man than it had in favor of the ichthyosaur or the pterodactyl. . . . I see him being carried less and less intelligently and more and more rapidly, suffering as every ill-adapted creature must suffer in gross and detail, along the stream of fate to degradation, suffering and death." Nevertheless Wells' many books contain innumerable sketches of glittering utopias and the man who asked gloomily if the world were "in the opening of long centuries of confusion and disaster" could robustly assure himself and his millions of readers: "History is and must always be no more than an account of beginnings." In his euphoric phases, he saw Man as "the student-teacher of the universe," and life "for ever dying to be born afresh, for ever young and eager, presently standing upon this earth as upon a footstool and stretching out its realm amid the stars."

His apparent failure, despite his immense success as a popular author, to persuade people that the obvious next move in history was the abolition of war through the setting up of a world state, inclined him toward Swiftian misanthropy in his old age: his last published book in 1946 was bitterly titled *Mind at the End of its Tether.* But this too he had prophesied and warned against; in *The World Set Free* (1914) the dying hero of the novel says: "I do not see why life should be judged by its last trailing thread of vitality. . . . If presently my heart fails me and I despair, and if I go through a little phase of pain and ingratitude and dark forgetfulness before the end . . . don't believe what I may say at the last. . . . If the fabric is good enough, the selvedge doesn't matter." And in *The History of Mr. Polly* (1909) he had written: "Man comes into life to seek and find his sufficient beauty, to serve it, to win and increase it, to fight for it, to face anything and dare anything for it, counting death as nothing so long as the dying eyes still turn to it."

Wells notoriously found some of his sufficient beauty in an abundance of mistresses, and *Ann Veronica* (1909) is said to record his most famous seduction. But even while he embraced women his thoughts turned to Man, whom he did not hesitate to deify (in *God the Invisible King*): his real love affair was with the human race and the future of the race was his obsession. He pictured the end of all life in *The Time Machine* (1895), and again in *Mind at the End of its Tether.* But in *The Shape of Things to Come* and other prophetic books there is no end at all: life, and mankind, take over the farthest stars.

Wells was, of course, a fiery social

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critic. In England, being a republican he assailed royalty as "the cult of snobbery and sentiment of which its members are at once the divinities and the sacrificial victims." Nor was he over-impressed by either Russia or the United States. He thought the Soviet Union was on the scale of political evolution at about the level of a newt, and that the US had got as far as a horse but needed to have its head twisted round to face the future. The American constitution, he wrote in 1906, "ties up political reform in the most extraordinary way, it was planned by devout Republicans equally afraid of a dictatorship and the people." Some of his sharpest jabs were reserved for the League of Nations, for Wells had no use for a world organization without effective control over every military resource throughout the planet. Most of his contemporaries thought this farfetched: it has taken the world 62 years to catch up with this 1902 thought of Wells: "There is no real autonomy any more, no simple right to an absolute independence. . . . Against all these old isolations, these obsolescent particularisms, the forces of mechanical and scientific development fight, and fight irresistibly; and upon the general recognition of this conflict, upon the intelligence and courage with which its inflexible conditions are negotiated, depends very largely the amount of bloodshed and avoidable misery the coming years will hold."

Dr. Wagar says his anthology is not a scholarly pickle jar and how right he is. It is as fresh and meaty as a new-laid ostrich egg. Wells hobnobbed with Henry James, Chesterton, Shaw and Winston Churchill, and as a world celebrity himself he had no difficulty interviewing Lenin, Stalin, and Teddy and Franklin Roosevelt. All are in the anthology, along with de Gaulle and Beatrice Webb. But by no means all of Wells is in it. Whole tracts of country are missing, such as the copious early science fiction, and the autobiographical and political novels like *Kipps* and *Polly* and *Tono-Bungay*. For all this and more, Dr. Wagar wisely directs the reader to the books themselves.

Wells was not just ahead of his contemporaries, he was in an important sense bigger than any of them. In his presence ideas never shrivelled but grew like a banyan tree. As a typical example, the notion of a new encyclopaedia instantly becomes something that not only outpaces the *Britannica* but outgrows any single university and finally replaces the entire university system of the world in directing the general education of mankind; developing along the way, and among other things, a centralized system of world statistics, and a world digest of laws. None of this was mere fantasy or imagination. Wells' ideas flow quite naturally from his thorough grasp of biology and science (the world state is a corollary of the abolition of distance). His final pessimism may prove to be just as soundly based.

Wells always insisted mankind is only a few score generations from barbarism. Hopefully, this means that the present is still the early glimmerings of dawn. But it also means that the talents needed to organize and run a world state may take several more generations to evolve. On the geological time-scale this is no matter. But now, suddenly, it seems there may not be even that much time for education to win the race with catastrophe.

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The Art of Boob-Bumping

by Gerald W. Johnson

The Overstreets, Harry and his wife, Bonaro, are somewhat on the humorless side, but all the scholarly world knows that as investigators of sociological phenomena they are people who have added to rigorous training long experience and positively appalling industry. Thus the severest critics of their inferences and interpretations admit that when the Overstreets make a statement of fact it is a fact, checked, double-checked, and rendered as mathematically exact as diligence and skill can make it.

The Strange Tactics of Extremism
by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet
(Norton; $4.50)

In this volume they present a study of the tactics of the extreme right as measured by the standards of scientific research, and the reputation of the authors is ample warrant that the evidence is truthfully presented. The result, as was to be expected, is shocking; but precisely because it was to be expected one is justified in asking, are scientific standards really applicable to what is essentially a work of art? As touching the leading case, that of Robert Welch, the answer perhaps is yes; but most of the others are patently engaged in the exhilarating and often highly remunerative art of boob-bumping, which is, in fact, not science but dramaturgy.

Other investigations have uncovered evidence that in 1963, not a Presidential election year, practitioners of this art separated the suckers from as much as $11 million. In the excitement of a na-

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tional campaign the take this year presumably will be larger; and the beauty of it is that the chump receives nothing tangible. Even E. Y. Clarke, financial genius of the Ku Klux Klan of the thirties, gave the dupe a $1.98 nightgown in exchange for his $10, but the contemporary artists do not supply even a nightgown. Their mastery approaches the theoretical limit.

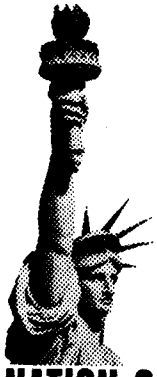
The Overstreets, however, are but slightly interested in the brilliance of this demonstration that a fool and his money are soon parted. They are horrified by the disinclination of the citizen of ordinary good sense to apply the rules of evidence to the arguments of the extremists of the right. They insist that it is the duty of everyone to read attentively the muck that pours from the scavenger presses so as to be in position to confute it. Perhaps they are right, but there is something slightly comic in their solemn refutation of charges that Eisenhower is a Communist sympathizer and that George C. Marshall was a front for traitors.

The onus, it would seem, lies upon Senator Goldwater to explain why the razzle-dazzle artists almost to a man are supporting him. The Overstreets suspect darkly that some regard the Senator as a mere stop-gap, the Kerensky of the movement destined to hold the job only until the authentic Lenin is in position to take over; but most appear to be confident that under Goldwater they could flourish as the green bay tree. The Senator, and he alone, can show that this is a mistake, but he has not seen fit to do so.

The strong point of the Overstreets' book, however, is its extended and careful analysis of Robert Welch, of the John Birch Society. Welch is no shell-game operator. He is probably a case of self-hypnosis but the Overstreets think, and supply strong evidence to support the view, that he is an earnest soul, convinced that he is a reincarnation of St. George, slaughtering dragons in windrows and the sole remaining hope of the republic.

A man of that type is no joke, as Hitler and Lenin have amply demonstrated. His compartmented mind is capable of holding contradictory ideas simultaneously and really believing both. To the fully integrated this is an impossibility, but there are formidable numbers to whom it is no feat at all; and to these Welch makes a strong appeal. He gives them a feeling of importance, no small boon to the insignificant, and with the doctrine that the end justifies the means he releases them from moral inhibitions. This is an emotionally explosive compound and Welch, educated and wealthy, distributes it among the literate and well-heeled, where it can do far more damage than it could among the denizens of skid row.

He cannot be neutralized by exposure because his program is not a skin-game as some of the others are; and for that reason he can arouse the martyr spirit in his followers. The Overstreets are doubtless right in differentiating him from the ruck of the extremists and insisting that he should be taken with the utmost seriousness. But it is hard to do.



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Jean Stafford's Human Zoo

by Honor Tracy

There was a day when story-tellers could be roughly divided into two species, the writers and the confectioners. The distinction often was one of purpose rather than of talent. Confectioners could write as well as or better than their serious colleagues: it was merely that they wrote to order or with a cool eye for the public taste, a cat that invariably slips out of the bag as time goes by. And some real writers happened to triumph, for the wrong reasons, in the confectionery market as well: whatever highbrow may disparage Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, for example, it is unlikely to be a fellow craftsman, and along with the commonplace mind of Mr. Somerset Maugham goes artistry of a very high order.

Bad Characters
Jean Stafford
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $4.95)

Then certain glossies began to aspire to higher things. They took to publishing what they described as "quality fiction," much as rising tradesmen take to "gracious living," and with not dissimilar results. Now they wished to carry the authors they saw published in the little reviews or acclaimed by critical opinion, at the same time adhering sturdily to the faith of their fathers that he who pays the piper calls the tune. It became known that while they deeply cared for Literature they would be more likely to print it if it followed a type or formula or trend favored by themselves. Writers too had grown uppity and full of absurd and extravagant notions, like wanting to eat every day. Without intending to or noticing it many of them, and very good ones too, adapted themselves.

This bee has long been domiciled in my bonnet and now Miss Stafford has set it a-buzzing. How can a writer of her gifts so often resort to devices and conventions that belong properly in a

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glossy magazine? Surely, because with time and money the glossies have come to be thought respectable, like a bunch of retired *Mesdames*. Here is all a writer needs – observation, sympathy, humor, a great eye for a theme, a lively way with words and the capacity to break fresh ground; and yet time and again some twist or trick reminds us of that memorable Night at the Opera when the Marx Brothers introduced an alien sheet into the score of a Verdi overture.

The story "Caveat Emptor," a gloriously wicked account of a university in the Middle West where young women fit themselves to become wives and mothers, is an exception to this and so, until right at the end, we think "The Captain's Gift" is going to be. In the latter Miss Stafford does very difficult things with notable success. She describes a good gentle woman without loving her so obviously as to annoy us: she expresses the pathos of age in a troubled world and of innocence in an evil time without being sentimental or mawkish: the setting, a once-elegant quarter now turning into a slum, is well chosen and beautifully described. The Captain is the lady's favorite grandson, fighting the war in Europe, and his gift makes a surprise ending. It would be wrong to divulge what that gift consisted of but, sensational and forced, the one little stroke spoils a fine story.

I grizzle away like this because so much in this book *is* so fine. The portrait of dreadful little Emily in "Bad Characters" could hardly be better, and if her demoniac acquaintance Lottie Jump is something of a caricature she is a wildly funny one. The family scenes are true enough and vivid enough to cause many a shudder, and for good measure Miss Stafford throws in a swift lethal sketch of a judge, "the personification of recititude" and not, it would appear, her favorite species of man. But then again, with a sudden switch from true comedy to improbable farce she somehow knocks the life out of the story and reduces it to the level of hilarious anecdote.

In "The End of a Career" she plays brilliantly on an unusual theme, namely, the pathetic importance of her beauty to a beautiful woman and her attempts, increasingly frantic as the years pass, to hold on to it. Angelica is indeed true to life, the beauty who rejects all feeling, thought, activity or pleasure that is liable to wrinkle her face, dull her complexion or give her a grey hair. "Perhaps, like an artists, she was not always grateful for this talent of beauty that destiny had imposed upon her without asking leave, but, like the artist, she knew where her duty lay" and so submitted to the daily grind of creams, juices, oils, mud, masks, massages, vibratings, steamings and birchings by a Finn, leading on to the hideous tortures of Dr. Fleege-Althoff's beauty clinic before the final, inescapable, killing defeat. Unlike the artist, however, she suffers without reward, and her suffering is tragically out of proportion to her achievement, which really amounts to little more than being asked everywhere. Here too an outstanding story fails at the end, which mounts jerkily to a climax where it should have died softly away.

In "A Reasonable Facsimile" Miss Stafford does ample justice to a kind of dreadful young man whom many of us will have met. This wretch knows everything about everything, from Catullus to jazz, from mediaeval philosophy to food and wine, he reads innumerable languages, caps all quotations, writes long learned letters to renowned scholars on their own subjects, is never at a loss and never wrong: a stupendous bore, described by everyone as a genius, he makes at first meeting a great impression which fades a little at each subsequent one until at last we flee, howling, at his approach. This particular specimen fastens on a famous but lonely old man who hopes to find in him the son he never had and is gradually, painfully, disillusioned: a poignant tale for all the comedy, and one that is again spoiled at the end by a Saki-like device, extremely funny in itself but utterly out of key.

In these and all the others – except for a short novel, in which Miss Stafford has been unwise enough to attempt a European setting – page by page there is far more to admire than to criticize; and Miss Stafford is a brilliant writer.

46 Leading Intellectuals Discuss

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Beware The "Wise-Guy" In Art

He's Everywhere, & He's Out to Destroy You

You'll know him by his smart-aleck tone—by his delivering positive verdicts on matters that are plainly open to doubt. Don't be his easy mark.

Test Your Resisting-Power Against These Seven Actual Cases!

The Storm, Cot

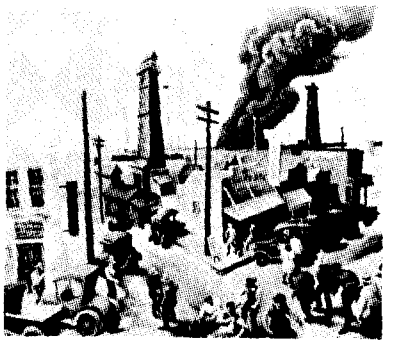
1. "For all the signposts such as billowing drapery and bodily attitudes pointing out that the figures are supposed to be running, there is no expression of flight. The lovers remain forever on tiptoe."

—A typically arrogant wise-guyism intended to make you realize what an ignoramus you are compared to a "truly artistic person". Don't fall for it. It's a fake. To the vast majority of people the effect of "running" is very well conveyed here, as shown by actual experiment.

Van der Goes

2. "He leans forward in amazement; his face is filled with joy and reverence and almost with fright. He dares lean no closer, but his eyes start with wild curiosity as he strains forward. No head in the history of painting, of any period, surpasses this one in psychological revelation, through explicitly realistic representation."

—It's fifty years since anybody has taken seriously this myth about faces revealing character, as both your police department and the encyclopedia will tell you. And yet here's an "authority" concocting a purely personal "reading" of a man's character as though it were inevitable and then using it to justify an extravagant verdict.



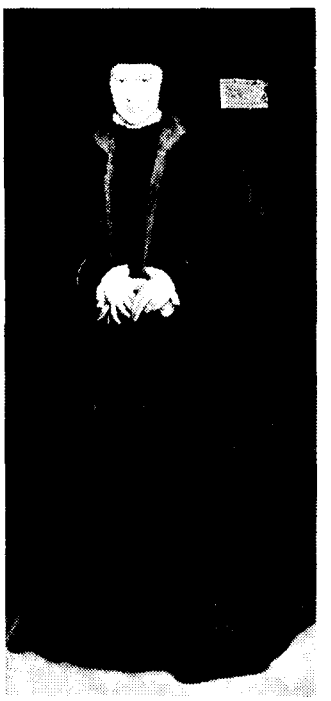
Boom Town, Benton

4. "The artificiality of his style seems out of key with the folksiness of his subject, leaving us with the feeling that although he wanted to get to the heart of his material, he managed only to observe it from the outside and record it inappropriately."

Laocoon

5. "We are amazed — but we are not moved . . . . The Laocoon will always be a popular work, but it will never tell anybody anything much about the human spirit."

The above two comments illustrate one of the "wise guy's" favorite tricks for luring you into positivism — namely by using certain portentous-sounding descriptive terms as though — having done so — anybody with at least the brains of an infant would know exactly what conclusions of goodness or badness to draw therefrom. It's as narrow (and out-of-date) as were the descriptive terms ("decadent", "meretricious", "insane", "chaotic", "corrupt" etc.) by which critics (fifty years ago) attempted to vilify Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse and other artists who failed to conform to the accepted rules of the day. Hundreds of famous artists employ "artificial styles", "record inappropriately" and "observe only from the outside" — and do it intentionally. As many others would strongly resent any obligation to "tell anybody anything about the human spirit" — not because there was necessarily anything "wrong" about it, but because it would soon give art a single-track, pedantic flavor — as monotonous and self-defeating as would an obligation to impart a "moral lesson". To exclude any flavors as invariably "bad" and adopt others as invariably "good" merely impoverishes art. It's as futile as endeavoring to appraise ice cream on the basis of its being a "frigid, soggy substance with the crispness of a wet sponge."



Queen Christina, Holbein

6. "If the figure were truly centered it would relay to us the impression of a much more foursquare, more obvious, more everyday woman."

—In certain psychological tests conducted among college students by their professors not a single student out of the hundred and ninety who took the tests reacted in the manner predicted. Most reputable institutions feel an obligation to verify positive statements of this sort. Failure to do so simply indicates how sure they are of your being too thoroughly subjugated (or stupid) to investigate for yourself.

The Duke

3. . . "one of the extraordinary portraits of any time, a supreme example of the revelation of personality in spite of seemingly insuperable difficulties. . . . Piero took the ruined profile, the coarse hair, even the warts on the face, and patterned them into a design revealing the strength, decision, intelligence and abstract beauty—for, as drawn by Piero, the line of the duke's profile has become abstractly beautiful — of one of the most compelling personalities of the age. . . . A landscape can enhance the mood of a picture; the role of the serene background behind Federigo (the duke) becomes clear if we imagine his profile played against a stormy scene: our previous impression of the great clarity and decision of his intellect would be much changed."

—If anything, this is even sillier than the comment about the Van der Goes. Place the duke against a stormy (instead of serene) background and the "great clarity of his intellect might seem (to dupes of character-revelation, that is) all the more evident from his being able to retain it under such circumstances. And as for the equally absurd assertion about the line of the duke's profile being "abstractly beautiful," you have only to remember John Sloan's shrewd remark: "who ever heard of a musician's being passionately fond of B-flat."

A GREAT PRESTIGE ABUSED

Bear in mind that the seven statements quoted here are not from chatty articles in minor newspapers but from an elaborate 24-volume work published by one of America's greatest art institutions and widely advertised as a sound education in art. Nor are they isolated cases either — but a few from an innumerable number of others just as irresponsible.

However, their wrongness — though bad enough in itself — does less harm than the fact that those who take them seriously, when they find themselves completely unable to see what so supposedly great an authority tells them they ought to see, conclude that there is something wrong with themselves and that they will therefore never understand art. It's not so. Actually what's happened is that they have been made victims of an ancient superstition (that art is immortal) inherited from the witch doctor (or Salem) era and kept alive because certain influential insiders derive financial and social benefits therefrom.

But perhaps most shocking of all is the spectacle of the academic world (presumably peopled by ardent advocates of *the careful statement made only after thorough scrutiny*) standing numbly by while these intellectual atrocities are enunciated, instead of denouncing them with the jeers and derision they deserve.

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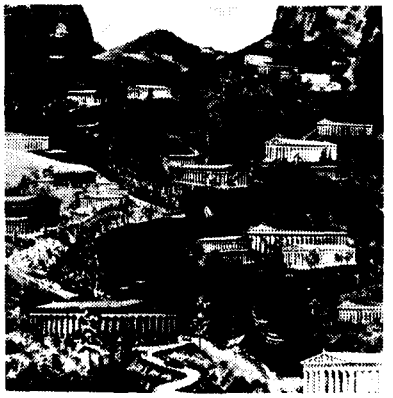
is the modern approach to art

It's rational, tough-minded, grown-up — a life-saving escape route from the pompous rant you've been suffering from so long. Where else, for example, would you find a candid (and obviously true) statement such as that expressed in the famous Stork Cartoon? Where else would you find it even hinted that if the Parthenon were scattered broadside over the landscape it might no longer be hailed as an "immortal masterpiece" and actually become a bore? Practicalities such as these are ignored by the old-fashioned critic because they destroy his "wise-guy" pose. It becomes ridiculous.



Too Many Parthenons!

As soon as you admit that an art work can continue being "immortal" only if *certain things don't happen*, you are admitting, in effect, that it is not really immortal at all.

Conjecturism avoids this mistake simply by refusing to be positive. It accepts (rather than conceals) what are indubitable facts and then makes the best conjectures it can under the circumstances. It brings art up-to-date much as evolution brought Biology up-to-date — namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but temporary Conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather It just can't be done without stepping openly into Mumbo-Jumbo.

The Stork Cartoon

It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of 'Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

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Although the two pamphlets are valuable in themselves, they can serve only as introduction to so far-reaching a subject. For further reading (on the same free-trial terms) we suggest the two conjecturist books mentioned below.

Bellelli Family

7. "Superlatives are dangerous, but there is less danger than usual in describing The Bellelli Family as the finest psychological group portrait ever painted. The temperament of each of the four members is individualized for us, and, beyond that, their interrelationship is revealed . . . He (the father) is the only one of the family who is not completely revealed to us as a person. He has a life beyond this room; perhaps he leads a life more important to him than the life we are seeing here; he is an outsider. But this vagueness, incompleteness and isolation are reversed in the figure of the wife. She stands with dignity, decision and forbearance, dominating the room by her quietness. . . . She (the daughter at right) sits restlessly, one leg tucked up under her, as if impatient with sitting for her artist cousin, unable to remain still, the volatile member of the group."

Authoritative Opinions

"HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART lets a lot of fresh air into the subject of art criticism — the nit wit babble of the avant garde has no relevance nor importance in understanding art and the book does a good job of deflating some of the pompous nonsense." George B. Keester, Chairman Fine Arts Dept., West Virginia Wesleyan College,

"Shaw has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness. At the heart of Shaw's theory of aesthetic judgment is his Theory of Boredom. Here he gives us a positive boost in 'Estimating Speeds of Tiring.' His chapter entitled 'The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg' is far too delicious to miss. A warning to aestheticians is that they may not like everything they read in Shaw, but certainly there is much to appeal to any catholic taste. After the initial shock and its ensuing brief hysteria, further perusal and thought will lead the reader rudely on to an awakening not unlike the experience of satori. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables." Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College, in Philosophy & Phenom. Research.

"PRECIOUS RUBBISH which I received and promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies." — John Wilcox, Prof. and Grad. Adviser, Wayne University.

"What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes, and to pretty general applause . . . It's a lulu." — Conrad Aiken.

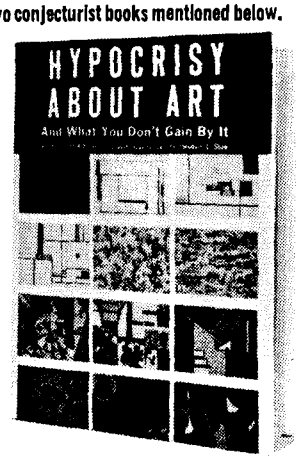
"Enjoyable — a much needed frontal attack." Dr. Lyle N. Perkins, Head Ceramics Dept., Rhode Island School of Design.

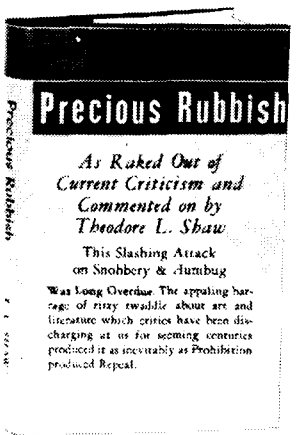
"Expresses to a T my every thought. I think it's great." — Nicola Ziroli, Artist in Res., Univ. of Ill.

"Seems to me to be a much-needed call to arms. Our regnant school of criticism is not merely misled but downright dishonest, in my opinion." — Rev. Louis F. Doyle, S.J., St. Louis Univ.

"Such a gleeful approach to ripping away the cobweb of words . . . behind which critics maintain their self-imposed importance." — John T. Maguire, Asst. Prof. of English, Univ. of Ill.

"I loved it — gave three critics one copy each — they loved it. Lost is he who hath no humor." — Dr. Wm. K. Keller, Prof. of Psychiatry. Univ. of Louisville.




Precious Rubbish
As Raked Out of Current Criticism and Commented on by Theodore L. Shaw
This Slashing Attack on Snobbery & Humbug
Was Long Overdue. The appalling barrage of risqy twaddle about art and literature which critics have been discharging at us for seeming centuries produced it as inevitably as Prohibition produced Repeal.

A pipe-dream of this sort has about as much validity for the appraising of an art work as would something that came from reading tea-leaves. If a hundred sensible men could be persuaded (and it wouldn't be easy) to make the best guesses they could as to the "interrelationships" of the four members of this family, the chances that a single guess would even approximate the one here so confidently proclaimed would be negligible. If you wonder why the public remains so lamentably ignorant of art it's because preposterous nonsense like this is being dispensed to it as "education". A change is long overdue. Conjecturism provides it. It costs nothing to investigate. Just use free coupon.

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RECORDS

Youth and Age

Bernard Shaw's statement about the refined and subtilized art of Verdi's last works – that it was something age gave in exchange for Verdi's early spontaneity and fertility and power – seemed so reasonable and acute that it took me a long time to realize that Verdi operates with the same spontaneity and fertility and power in the refined and subtilized vocal and orchestral writing of the *Requiem*, *Otello* and the *Te Deum* as in the cruder writing of the early works. What made Shaw's contention seem so reasonable was the fact that I knew it to be correct about performers. I had observed how the need of using an aging voice with care had brought a new continence and coherence in Lotte Lehman's phrasing of songs. Flagstad had deployed her beautiful voice in flawlessly shaped phrases right from the start; and so her subtler inflection of phrase in later years could be taken to represent a maturing of her musicianship; but it too served the needs of an aging voice that had to be used with care and skill. And great as Schnabel's post-war recorded performances of Beethoven's concertos were, they revealed losses of some of the spontaneity, grace, continuity of tension and outline of the pre-war performances – age in this instance having brought a lessening of the powers of the musician as well as the pianist. All this has been brought to mind by Artur Rubinstein's performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 (*Emperor*) with the Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf, on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-2733. Rubinstein's case is like Verdi's: recently he has, in his seventies, amazed us not only with the tempering of his flamboyant style that has given his performances a new continence, repose, refinement and plastic coherence, but with the continuing technical powers that have produced the fine gradations of his beautiful tone, the clarity and accuracy of his rapid passage-work. All these, which we have heard in his recent performances of Chopin, we hear in the performance of the Beethoven concerto; and whereas his playing in Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 with Toscanini twenty years ago was made unsatisfying by its unsuitable Chopinesque elegance and melodic inflections, his playing this time – now powerful, now delicate and sensitive – adds up to a highly effective statement of the music. The orchestral context that Leinsdorf provides with the Boston Symphony is good.

Victor LM- and LSC-2732 have given me my first hearing of the young violinist Erick Friedman, a pupil and protégé of Heifetz, in a performance of Prokofiev's fine Concerto No. 1 with the Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf. It is presumably Leinsdorf who sets the tempos for the second and third movements that are slower and less effective than those in other recorded performances, including the one conducted by Prokofiev himself for Oistrakh on Period 739; and in the orchestral context provided for him Friedman plays superbly. On the reverse side the young pianist Lorin Hollander operates in Prokofiev's Concerto No. 5 with the spectacular brilliance this uninteresting work calls for.

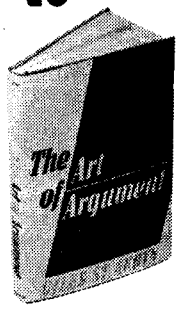
The performance of Stravinsky's *Sacre du printemps* by von Karajan with the Berlin Philharmonic, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-920 and 138-920, is for someone interested, as von Karajan seems to be, in the beautiful playing he can get this great orchestra to do. For an effective statement of the work one should acquire Stravinsky's own performance on Columbia ML-5719 and MS-6319.

The young conductor Kertesz, who has given us excellent performances of symphonies of Mozart and Schubert, conducts the London Symphony, on London CM-9402 and CS-6402, in a well-paced and shaped and beautifully executed performance of the Dvorak symphony originally published as No. 2 but now known to be No. 7. The influence of Brahms is heard clearly in the first two movements, but only in Brahmsian details that are worked into the flow of spontaneous, beautiful and affecting writing that is Dvorak's. The third movement also is characteristically engaging; but the fourth I find less interesting.

Mozart's String Quartets K.387 and 464, of the six dedicated to Haydn – each an example of incandescent mastery of this medium of four-part texture that pierces the heart as it ravishes the ear and astonishes the mind – are on Deutsche Grammophon 18-909 (mono), played with admirable musical understanding by the Amadeus Quartet, whose first violin, unfortunately, has a somewhat coarse tone.

For the performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio* on A-4259 and OSA-1259 London assembled a group of principals that would be considered outstanding

How to ARGUE and WIN!



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in any major opera house: Birgit Nilsson (Leonore), James McCracken (Florestan), Tom Krause (Pizarro), Kurt Boehme (Rocco), Graziella Sciutti (Marzelline), with the orchestra and chorus of the Vienna State Opera and Lorin Maazel as conductor. The central role has the biggest star; but Nilsson's voice, though clear and steady, is not attractive in timbre, and her singing on these records hasn't the bigness and dramatic impact it has had on other occasions. Dramatic force, urgency and excitement are what I find lacking also in much of the performance conducted by Maazel; and at times this is the result of his pacing: I would find the concluding ensemble of Act 1 too sluggish even if there weren't Beethoven's time signature of *Alla breve* with his marking of *Allegretto vivace* to indicate what it should sound like; and the Prisoners' Chorus moves much more slowly than what is indicated by Beethoven's *Allegro, ma non troppo.*

In the excerpts from Hans Werner Henze's opera *Elegy for Young Lovers* on Deutsche Grammophon 18-876 and 138-876, I find the vocal and orchestral writing not only completely unattractive to the ear but without expressive relation to the words and situations. Fischer-Dieskau and Martha Moedl are among the singers in the performance conducted by the composer.

Excellent singing by the contralto Maureen Forrester is heard, on Westminster XWN-19074 and WST-17074, in arias from Handel's *Xerxes, Ottone* and *Julius Caesar,* Gluck's *Orfeo* and *Paride ed Elena,* and Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas,* and his songs *Music for a while* and *From rosy bowers.* There is also a less interesting aria from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito,* in whose higher range Miss Forrester's singing is less agreeable. With her are the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Robert Zeller and the harpsichordist Franz Holetschek.

And Haydn's fine *Mass in Time of War (Paukenmesse),* on Deutsche Grammophon 18-881 and 138-881, is performed well, under Rafael Kubelik's direction, by the chorus and orchestra of the Bavarian Radio with a solo group comprising Elsie Morison, Marjorie Thomas, Peter Witsch and Karl Christian Kohn.

B. H. Haggin

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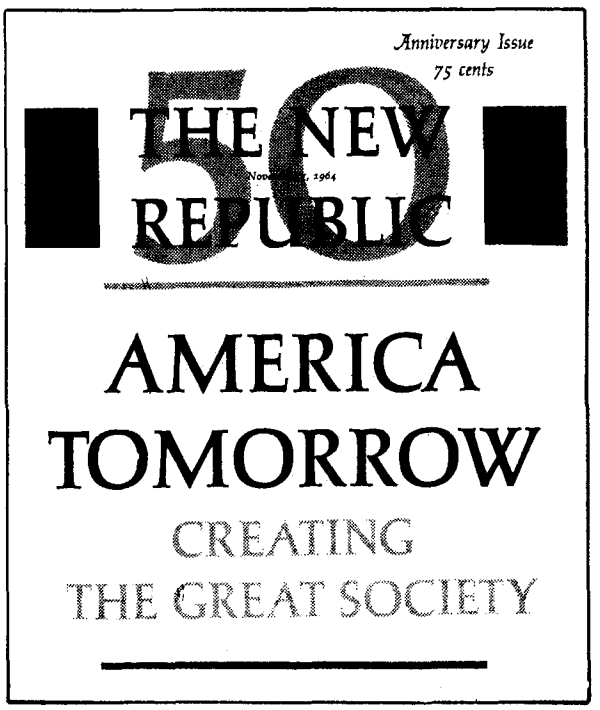

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FILMS

The More the Murkier

Ingmar Bergman is merciless to his admirers. His recent films almost seem designed to test our faith in him. Either they have had paste-diamond brilliance (*The Devil's Eye*) or have been deficient in affective drama (*Winter Light*) or portentously vague (*Through A Glass Darkly*) or anesthetically cryptic (*The Silence*). No one who has seen these films could doubt that they were made

All These Women (Janus)
The Luck of Ginger Coffey (Continental)

by a man of extraordinary ability; but any one of them is unsatisfactory. Bergman maintains his position as one of the world's eminent directors by the talent evidenced through his recent works rather than by the works themselves.

Faith in him gets its severest test in *All These Women*. My own faith is shaken but persistent. This new comedy is intended as a double-barrelled spoof: on himself and on critics. A master cellist is in his gorgeous summer villa surrounded by women: a wife, a sponsor, a maid, a mistress, a student. To the villa comes a critic who also composes, intent on writing a biography of the master. We never see the cellist; we see a great deal of the critic and the ladies. There are many attempted jokes about the master's venery and veneration; there are various adventures of the critic in seeking admission to the presence. One route leads through a boudoir.

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All is in flashback; we open with the master's funeral and recount the last four days of his life. There are subtitles, tinny phonograph music; there are pratfalls, transvestism, comic tangos, custard pies, fireworks explosions – all the mechanics of physical comedy. (There are also some unamusing broad jokes – particularly one about how the master teaches ladies the cello.) But it is all apparatus. There is no wit in the film's conception, no humor in its execution. We seem to be expected to admire it because in it we see a Great Man unbending, acknowledging human frailties. As for the satire of the critic, surely Bergman has more to accuse critics of than venality and the egotism of frustration.

Jarl Kulle, the critic, who repeatedly pulls a long quill from his sleeve to scribble minutiae, cannot be entirely blamed for his tiresome performance; clearly he is obeying orders. So, alas, are Bibi Andersson, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck, and other gifted persons. It is a reminder of how helpless good actors are against poor material and unwinged direction.

This is Bergman's first color film and it is disappointing even on that score. He has set it *circa* 1920 and has, seemingly, wanted to suggest a confectionery feeling: as if the characters were different flavors of ice cream, photographed in almost horizontal light that seems filtered through meringue. But once the bonbon feeling is established, it is not used. The color, too, shows no particular resource of comic invention.

Little in any of Bergman's films indicates that he can make us laugh. His best comedy, *Smiles of A Summer Night*, is more barbed than funny. *All These Women* is intended to be hilarious; but the gift of splitting sides is not in him.

The Luck of Ginger Coffey, adapted by Brian Moore from his own novel, is the sort of work that is vastly overpraised simply because it is not phony. In the theater and film we are all so weary of the obviously contrived and the patently false that we tend to overvalue the merely truthful. (A recent example on Broadway is Frank Gilroy's *The Subject Was Roses*.) Moore's film is about an Irish emigré family in Montreal; and for me it contained little more than what may be called its dermatological fidelity, plus the novelties of Robert Shaw with an Irish accent and Montreal as a setting. If this were a fourth film with Shaw as an Irishman, with Montreal as a setting, and with that fidelity as its chief virtue, its lack of intrinsic interest would be very much more apparent.

It has neither depth of character nor point. Shaw, as the self-deceiving, well-meaning failure, is adequate within the limits of the role, but those limits are quickly reached. We know all we ever know about Ginger within the first ten minutes or so, and that little is not rewarding. One of his limitations is that he belies what, presumably, is Moore's theme. We are purportedly dealing with a romantic, trapped and defeated by the humdrum, a man whose rosy unrealities might possibly sustain him in his native country but are inadequate in a chromium-plated bustling city. But there is a difference between romanticism and sheer stupidity. When Ginger turns down the good job with the diaper company because he relies on the newspaper editor's word to make him a reporter, he is the only one in the theater who does not foresee the consequences. He is not a luckless dreamer but a boob. His sorry state at the end is not that of a man who has won through to some painful reality but that of the rat baffled by the maze.

Irvin Kershner's direction was first notable in *The Hoodlum Priest* and makes this film move swiftly. But the decor of grubby minor characters and grubby detail is no substitute for content. Within mortal memory such fearless detail was a promise of import; the promise has too often been broken as it is here. Ginger Coffey is not a small contemporary hero of fate or circumstance but an essentially dull man who does not justify all the attention that this carefully made film pays him.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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Correspondence

A One-Race Press?

Sirs:

In his article, "A Two-Party Press," (October 3) my good friend Ben H. Bagdikian, a remarkably perceptive and able reporter, commits an unfortunate inaccuracy. He writes: "John Kennedy in 1960, in contrast, had no editorial support in the following cities: Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco and Seattle."

This is untrue. In Chicago, *The Chicago Daily Defender* editorially supported Kennedy. In Baltimore, the *Afro-American* newspaper (largest Negro weekly in America) supported Kennedy. In Los Angeles, *The Los Angeles Sentinel*, a very successful weekly that carries some 15 pages of classified advertising each week supported Kennedy. And in San Francisco, *The Sun-Reporter* supported Kennedy.

However, it isn't Ben's inaccurate reporting (in this instance alone) which disturbs me. What is far more disconcerting is his being victimized by the same racial myopia that characterizes the press of America. Negro newspapers simply are not recognized as coequals or even respected for their editorial integrity and power even if they are larger, far more wealthy, influential and professional than the smallest, most impoverished racist and editorially unkempt white rag.

I could subscribe to Ben's grievous omissions if 1) he were only dealing with major metropolitan newspapers (this is how the four largest Chicago dailies like to conceptualize themselves in order to justify their refusal to recognize the existence of *The Defender* as a daily) and 2) he only concerned himself with dailies and not weeklies.

But he doesn't do either. He mentions a Mississippi paper, *The Natchez Democrat*, which has a paltry circulation of 8,342. *The Chicago Daily Defender's* (ABC) circulation is 33,593. We are thus a) four times larger than *The Natchez Democrat*; b) have 20 times its influence publishing in the

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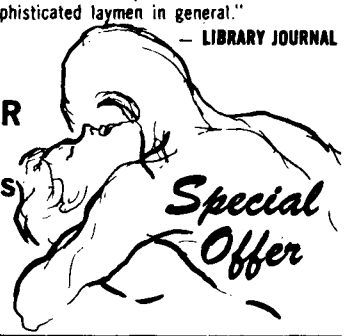

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second largest city of America to the largest community of Negroes (912,000); and c) are the largest Negro daily newspaper in America. Ben also mentions *The Columbus* (Georgia) *Ledger* and we even have a larger circulation than they do (30,556).

Ben is impressed with *The Camden* (Maine) *Herald's* endorsement of a Democrat for the first time in 95 years. A weekly, the *Herald* publishes to a total audience of 3,523! Compare that to the weekly Baltimore *Afro-American's* 63,888 circulation serving Baltimore's 335,589 Negroes who constitute 30 percent of that city's population.

I'm unhappy about having to criticize Ben for his analysis. He's one guy who is far more sensitized to the plight of the Negro than 95 percent of his professional peers. But he has fallen victim to the journalistic disease infecting the American press: Negro papers just don't exist in the average reporter's mind in the same way the Negro continues to be "invisible" in all of the newspaper and television advertisements, television programs (except when we sing and dance) and various areas of American life.

It's 1964. I think it's time we became "visible." And I know my good friend – and *The New Republic* – would heartily agree with me.

C. Sumner Stone, Jr.
Editor-in-Chief
Chicago Daily Defender

Mr. Bagdikian replies . . .

I am sorry that my friend C. Sumner Stone took umbrage that I did not include the Negro press in my article on Presidential endorsements by American newspapers. He did not perceive what seems to me to be obvious in the one-party press issue: I spoke of general-circulation newspapers, I did not include the labor press, the religious press, or the ethnic press.

In the context of my article, Negro newspapers are not the co-equals of papers like *The Chicago Tribune, Sun-Times, Daily News* or *American,* not because they are Negro, but because they are specialized papers, edited for the particular interests of one ethnic group. I did not include *The Defender* or *The Afro-American* in my article, but neither did I mention the following dailies which were published in Chicago in 1960: *Denni Hlasatel,* a Czecholslovak daily of 57,000 circulation; *Dziennik Chicagoski,* a Polish daily of 20,000 circulation; *Naujienos,* a Lithuanian daily of 42,000 circulation; and *Prosveta,* a Slovenian daily of 13,000 circulation. As Chuck Stone should know, "newspapers of general circulation" is a standard category in newspapering, with no reference to inherent quality. I see no color in this, and I wish Chuck Stone didn't either.

Ben H. Bagdikian

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